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THE

STUDENT'S SPEAKER,



BY J. S. DENMAN.

NEW-YORK:
PRATT, WOODFORD & Co.

ESSEX INSTITUTE.

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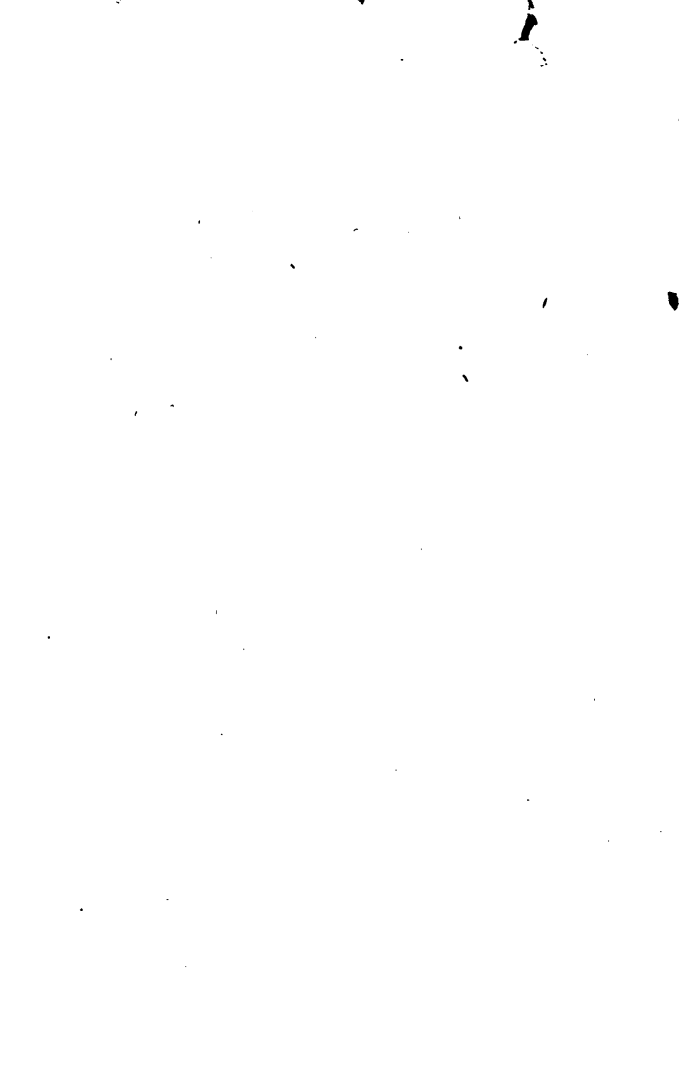
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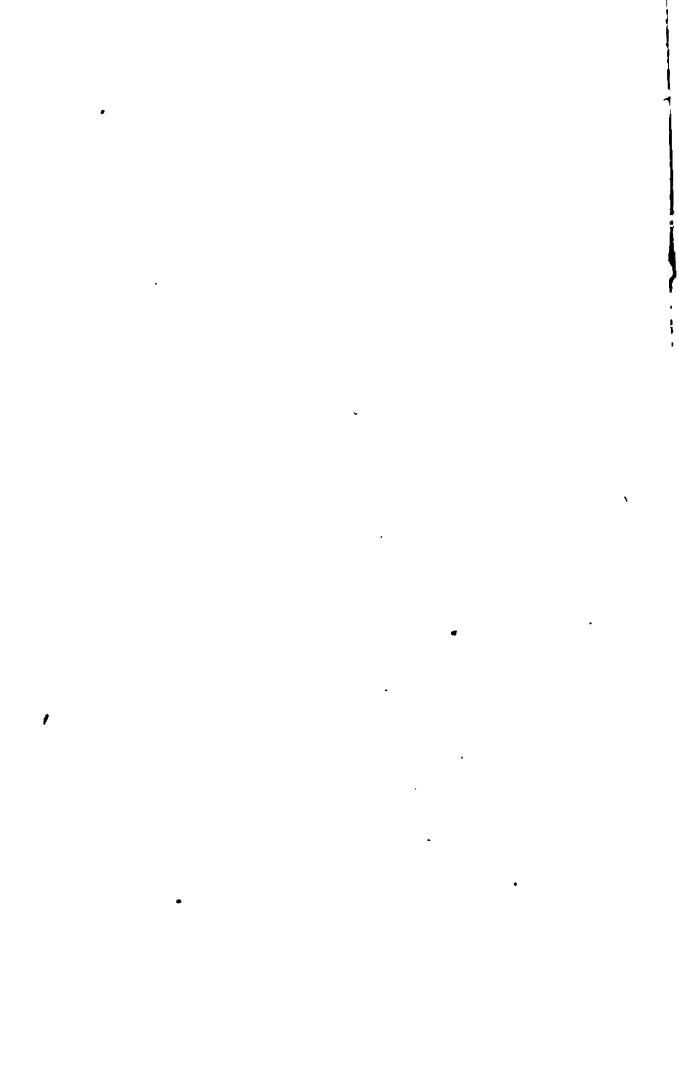
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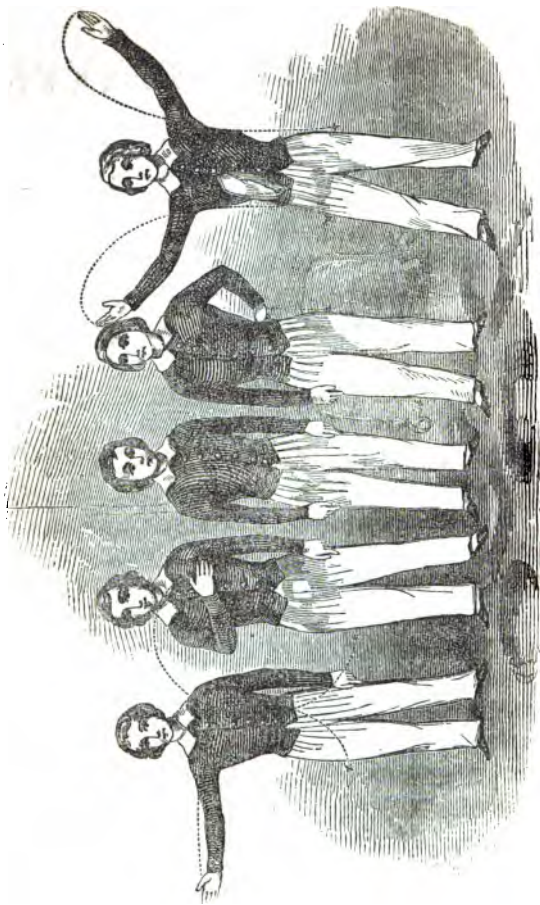
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THE
STUDENT'S SPEAKER,
A
New Collection
OF
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED PIECES,
IN
PROSE, DIALOGUES, AND POETRY.

DESIGNED
TO FURNISH SUITABLE PIECES FOR SPEAKING IN SCHOOLS,
AND AT PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

BY J. S. DENMAN.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY PRATT, WOODFORD & CO.
1853.

FIFTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

NOAH WEBSTER, the great American lexicographer, defines *preface*, as "something spoken introductory to a discourse, or written as introductory to a book or essay ;" but, with due deference to the opinion of that celebrated author, it might, perhaps, be well to modify the second definition so as to read, *something printed in the forepart of a book, which ought to be read by every one who reads the work, but is never read by any one.*

Authors and compilers may rely upon the correctness of the definition here given in italics, and consequently it will be unnecessary to particularize the merits, or peculiarities of any work in a preface. Entertaining this opinion, I shall not, of course, say much in this place ; but if any person should ever chance to read this preface, he will please to notice that in my opinion *every one who is practicing declamation in school should be taught to speak deliberately, articulate distinctly, and pronounce correctly.* Every one should understand the sentiments he is to utter, and, if possible, enter into the spirit of the piece, and then his judgment, and that of his teacher, must determine what gestures are natural, and well adapted to give effect to the sentiment. No other general rule will be of much consequence, and therefore no others will be given in this work.

THE STUDENT'S SPEAKER is divided into three parts—Prose, Dialogues, and Poetry—and contains a great number and variety of pieces, instructive and amusing, suitable to be spoken in schools, and at public examinations. But very few of these pieces have ever before been published in book form; many of them are original, and others, which have been selected from the speeches of the most eminent orators, have been abbreviated and adapted to the wants of young speakers. On account of the many alterations which have necessarily been made in abbreviating most of the selected articles, it was thought advisable to omit the names of the authors.

Believing that pieces in prose are much better calculated to improve the juvenile speaker than those in poetry, or rhyme, I have devoted a considerable portion of this little work to articles in prose, many of them being very short and adapted to the youngest speakers, while others are adapted to those more advanced. This work is respectfully submitted to the public with the hope that it may prove entertaining and useful to those for whom it has been prepared.

J. S. DENMAN.

NEW-YORK, *April*, 1850.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

	Page.		Page.
What I have seen	9	The Wilmot Perviso	43
Death of J. Q. Adams	10	The Printed Thought	45
Annual Revolution of the Earth	12	Greece	46
The Mammoth	13	Change	47
The Fire-waters	14	The Ocean	49
Night	15	Rome	50
Wake not the Fire-Spirit	16	Bonaparte	51
Writing	17	American Indians	52
The Gentleman	19	The Present Age	53
Wake up, Boys	19	Useless Repining	54
A Word to Boys	20	The World is Beautiful	56
Strong Drink	20	Intellectual Triumphs	56
Maternal Affection	21	The Orphans	57
This Life is a School	21	The Ax-men	58
Napoleon	22	The Lion's Roar	59
Ireland	23	Lessons in Humility	59
The Irish Boy	24	We were not made like Fish	60
The Irish Boy	25	Farewell to my Country	61
Washington	27	The Fixed Stars	62
Wine	28	Genius	63
Party Spirit	29	Evil Company	63
Home	31	The Old Year	64
Human Actions	32	Nothing Purer than Honesty	64
Be Active	33	The Dead	65
Time	33	Cats in England	65
The Folly of Pride	35	Cracow	66
Riding Down Hill	35	Give no Pain	66
Christianity	36	The Union	67
The Future	36	Good Nature	70
A Christian's Grave	37	Knowledge	71
Ravages of Alcohol	38	Onward	73
The Essence Boy	39	Hope	75
A Hundred Years Hence	42	Austrian Despotism	75

DIALOGUES.

	Page.		Page
The Hearts of Animals . . .	77	Animals . . .	94
The Lawyer and Irishman . .	81	The City and Country . .	98
Edward and Charles . . .	84	My Mother's Gold Ring . .	101
William and George . . .	86	Boy, who is your Father? .	105
The Cannon . . .	89	Reading . . .	106
The Silver Cup . . .	90	The Sycamore . . .	106
Edward and Looney . . .	92	What is Fighting for . .	109

POETRY.

The Little Speaker . . .	111	The Maniac . . .	129
The Butchered Pig . . .	112	Forgive and Forget . . .	129
The Orphan Boy . . .	113	The Armies . . .	129
What I Love to See . . .	114	Beautiful . . .	130
The Heart . . .	115	The Blind Boy . . .	131
Friends, One and All . . .	115	Human Life . . .	132
Song of the Owl . . .	116	Song of the Frogs . . .	133
The Tear of Gratitude . . .	116	The Song of Lightning . .	136
Valedictory Address . . .	117	Our Presidents . . .	137
The Life Clock . . .	118	The Balloon . . .	137
Strive on . . .	119	Gentle Words . . .	138
A Lost Day . . .	120	The Gambler's Wife . . .	139
The Light of Science . . .	121	Science . . .	140
The Boy and the Robin . .	122	A Little Speech . . .	140
Washington . . .	123	Disappointment . . .	141
Hymn to the Universe . . .	124	John Quincy Adams . . .	141
Rules of School . . .	125	Things that I Love . . .	142
The Pearl of Truth . . .	125	The English Language . .	143

THE STUDENT'S SPEAKER.

PART FIRST.

PROSE.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I HAVE seen the buds upon the trees in spring, and the leaves when they were young—fresh from the buds. I have seen the fresh blossoms, and the young fruit when they were gone, and the green grass growing bright and beautiful in spring. And I have seen the withered leaves, the dry and faded grass, and the decaying fruit in autumn.

I have also seen a young child, beautiful and fair. It was full of life and joy. And I have seen an old man, full of years, whose head was covered with white hairs. He leaned upon a staff when he walked, for he was very feeble.

I am young—quite young—but they tell

me that man is like the leaves, grass and fruit, which come forth in the spring, fresh and fair, but wither and fall to the earth in autumn. They tell me that childhood is the spring-time of life—that children are like the green leaves, the fresh grass, and the young fruit; and that old age is the autumn of life, and the aged are like the withered leaves, the faded grass, and the decaying fruit. O, is it so!—Am I to become like a withered leaf?

DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Hon. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, died in the Speaker's room in the Capitol, at the city of Washington, on the 23d day of February, 1848, in the 81st year of his age. His last words were, "This is the last of earth—I am content." When his death was announced in the House of Representatives, of which he was a member, Mr. Holmes of South Carolina rose and said*—

THE mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state—Massachusetts weeping for her honored son. When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people sorrow.

This is no common bereavement—the chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been rudely snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths our fathers uttered, have been hushed ; aye, closed in death.

Yes, death has been among us. He has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation ; his footsteps have been heard in the halls of state. He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the counsels of the people. He has borne in triumph from among us the gravest, the wisest, and most reverend head.

He has taken, as a trophy, him who was once chief of many states ; adorned with virtue, and truth. He has borne at his chariot-wheels a renowned one of the earth. The lips of the “old man eloquent” are motionless—the eyes which beamed intelligence are sealed in the sleep that knows no waking—the voice, so often heard pleading the cause of humanity, is hushed in the silence of death.

* The note at the head of this article should be read by the teacher or prompter, and as soon as finished, the speaker should rise and commence with, “The mingled tones of sorrow,” &c.

ANNUAL REVOLUTION OF THE EARTH.

THE earth, at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the sun, revolves around it once a year, describing an annual circuit of about five hundred and ninety-seven millions of miles. Hence, this world, with all its burden of oceans, seas and continents, must move forward about sixty-eight thousand miles an hour.

At every swing of the pendulum we are carried nearly nineteen miles through space. Yet the earth neither jolts, nor rocks, nor jars; for the air, the clouds, the ocean, the hills and the mountains move with us, and we are not sensible of the motion.

Held in its orbit by the attractive power of the sun, and bathed in the light of its controlling luminary, the earth sweeps onward and onward in its swift career, until it comes back to the point whence it started.

And such is the beauty and perfection of its motion, that if it were possible to fix golden rings in the path of this moving body, of such diameter as to permit the earth to pass through with a single hair's breadth to spare, this planet would roll onward in its course, from century

to century, and from age to age, passing uniformly, and invariably through these golden rings, with no shadow of variation from its first motion.

THE MAMMOTH.

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

TEN thousand moons ago, when naught but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun; where wild beasts roamed, and were hunted by the red man, the GREAT BEAST lived on the plains and was the terror of all. He was huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, and swift as the descending eagle.

The trees of the forest disappeared before him, and the lake shrunk when his thirst was slaked. The javelin was hurled at him in vain, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from his side. The red lightning which scorched the lofty pine, and rent the knotty oak, glanced from his sides, until maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves of the west, where he now reigns monarch of the wilderness.

THE FIRE WATERS.

SPEECH OF YAN-NA-HAR, AN INDIAN CHIEF.

Brothers, hear ! and with the heart keep my words. My father, KI-MAN-CHEE, was a noble chief. He was light of foot—the wind only was before him. His strong arm was as a branch of the mountain oak, and plenty smiled at his cabin door. Joy was with him when he returned from the chase, and his wife and children rejoiced in his shadow, as beneath a spreading tree.

The eye of the war-chief was not dim—his strength was not diminished. He came to the council-fire, and his brothers smiled in the beams of peace. Then the war-path was overgrown with grass ; peace came as a river, and joy like the cataracts of the mountain.

These were the blessings of Ki-man-chee and his brothers, when they drank at the forest spring and grew strong. But alas ! where now is Ki-man-chee, " Swift foot of the prairie ? " The Fire-Spirit came like the clouds of the north, and fire and death were on his wings. The shadows of darkness were before him, and the clouds and coldness of night fell upon his track.

Then Ki-man-chee's eyes grew dim, his arm fell; his swift foot turned from the hunting-path, and his tread was like the heavy foot-fall of the wounded buffalo. He slept with the watch-dog in the sun, and when he awoke his strength was gone. Ki-man-chee fell, and the clustering joys that waited at his cabin door departed.

He fell like a tree in summer, torn by the lightning and the mountain blast, and all his green leaves withered. The red men fell before the Fire-Spirit like the leaves of the forest. Such was the curse of the Fire-waters—a river of death, swollen with blood, and its waves brought desolation.

NIGHT.

How absolute is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all around us comes a half sound, a half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things. In the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction are ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time.

WAKE NOT THE FIRE SPIRIT.

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

BROTHERS, hear! forget not the pleasant cabin of Ki-man-chee. Wake not the Fire-Spirit any more. We are now rejoicing in peace. Let us alone—bring not the Fire-stream over the blue hills of the east; for it will swallow us up quickly. If we say come, the grass will wither, and the red men will fall like the leaves of autumn.

Brothers! bring us not the Fire-water—let us not perish by the withering curse of the waters of death. Bring us the hatchet and the spade. Then we will build cabins and plant fields. Corn shall grow in our valleys, and the yellow grain wave upon our hills.

Then joy and plenty will smile around us, and we shall dwell in peace. Let us drink at the cool stream, where the eagle flaps his wing to make it strong for his upward flight. The Great Spirit has blessed it—there let us drink and be strong. Let the white man come and drink with us at the cool stream. Then we can sit together and smoke the pipe-of-peace, and the Great Spirit will bless all his children.

WRITING.

THE art of writing has probably done more than any other invention for the improvement of the human race. Without its aid the experience of each generation would have been nearly lost to succeeding ages, and but a faint glimmer of past events would have come to us through the mists of tradition. The genius of each individual would have gone down to the grave with its possessor, and the history of the world, with all the improvements in the arts and sciences, would be comparatively unknown.

The records of the great Hebrew Lawgiver could never have been made, and the powers of his inspired genius, which bore him up amid all his trials, could never have been transmitted to posterity, except in broken fragments through the wasting channel of tradition, where they would have lost all their grandeur and sublime beauty. But through this medium the powers of that great mind have blessed the nations of the earth, and the records made by his pen come to us, at the distance of thousands of years, with all the freshness and vigor they possessed when Moses lived.

Without this saving and redeeming art the light of science would not illuminate our minds, but would now be slumbering in its grave. Writing spake and science came slowly forth to shed its rays of light and life-inspiring truth over the human race. By the aid of writing, to which the printing press has given electric wings, we converse with men of distant climes, and their discoveries are quickly made known to us.

But for this art the eloquent orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the poetry of Homer, the deeds of the illustrious Socrates, the philosophy of the renowned Plato, and all the stirring scenes of Greece and Rome, would have been buried in oblivion, or destroyed in their downward course through the paths of tradition.

Even the teachings of "Him who spake as never man spake," could not have been recorded, and all the sublime truths and precepts which he uttered, would have been lost to the world, and the earth would now be swinging to and fro, in moral darkness, without a ray of heavenly truth, or chart to guide an erring people up to God.

THE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN you have found a *man*, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. A gold ring cannot be made of brass, nor a diamond of crystal. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had honorable parents; nor will it depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate—good clothes are not good habits.

A gentleman is *just* a *gentleman*; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; he is modest, courteous and generous. He is slow to take offence, and never willingly gives it. He goes armed with the consciousness of right, and is slow to surmise evil. A gentleman subdues his appetites and feelings, controls his speech, and refines his taste. A gentleman deems others better than himself.

WAKE up, boys! Wake up! I am about to make a speech, and I want you to hear me. Did you ever see a toad? It is a funny thing. When it stands it sits, and when it runs it jumps.

A WORD TO BOYS.

"Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers; with all its shipping, steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs; with all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like us, assembled in school rooms, or playing out of them, on both sides of the Atlantic.

"We should believe it, and look abroad on our inheritance, and get ready to enter into possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the future, all are now boys."

STRONG drink leads to want, misery and crime, and frequently to an untimely death. The young should beware of the enticing cup, and avoid such companions as love strong drink.

There are many good things in this world which may be used without danger, and why should we tarry at the poison cup we do not need? We should for ever avoid it, for it has brought thousands, step by step, to want and ruin.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THERE is a love which neglect cannot weaken, which injury cannot destroy, and which even jealousy cannot extinguish. It is the pure, the holy, the enduring love of a mother. It is as gentle as the breeze of evening, firm as the oak, and ceases only when life's last gleam goes out at death.

During all the vicissitudes of this changing world, in sickness or in sorrow, in life or in death, in childhood's halcyon days, in "youth's untroubled hour," or manhood's vigorous prime, the mother clings with the same unwearied affection to her child. It is the same amid the snow and frosts of Siberia, the temperate and joyous region of this fair land, and on the burning sands of Africa.

THIS life is one great school. From the cradle to the grave we are all scholars. The voices of those we love, the wisdom of past ages, and our own experience are our teachers. Affliction gives us discipline. The spirits of departed saints whisper to us, "Come up higher."

NAPOLEON.

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of the human race, has a man risen from comparative obscurity, to the loftiest heights of military glory, so rapidly as Napoleon. From his childhood he was distinguished for a firmness, which not unfrequently degenerated into unreasonable obstinacy. His opinions, once formed, whether right or wrong, were rarely changed.

His plans none but Napoleon could have devised—none but Napoleon could have accomplished. He never calculated the chances of a failure. Though any of his undertakings required the sacrifice of many thousand lives, yet was his course marked by no hesitation. At one time we behold him traversing the streets of Paris, with all the honors of a triumph. At another, he is surrounded by a rebellious mob, whose rage the sword and bayonet are scarcely able to restrain.

To-day, from the ice-crowned summit of the Alps, he falls with the avalanche upon his astonished foes. To-morrow, he seeks in vain for peace at the hands of his conquerors. Now we hear the voice of the populace, as with a

wild enthusiasm, they hail him Emperor of France, and anon, the lonely island of the ocean has become his resting place—the dashing billows, as they break mournfully upon the rocky shores of St. Helena, chant his funeral dirge—and the worm of the charnel makes a luscious feast of what was once Napoleon.

IRELAND.

IRELAND! What a throng of associated ideas start to life at the mention of that name! How varied their aspect—how contradictory their character—how opposite the emotions they kindle, the sentiments they inspire.

Ireland, the land of genius, and the land of degradation; of vast resources, and pinching poverty; of noble deeds and revolting crimes; of valiant resistance to tyranny, and obsequious submission to usurpation.

Ireland, the land of splendid orators, charming poets, and brave soldiers; the land of ignorance, and beggary; measureless in its capacities, stinted in its products; a strange anomaly, a complication of contradictions.

THE IRISH BOY.

When the famine was raging in Ireland, in the Winter of 1848, many of the poor people died of starvation, and starving children begged for bread. Listen to the supplication of a poor famished boy, as he pleads at the door of a wealthy person.*

O, LISTEN to me awhile, for it is a sad story I have to tell. The shining beams of the blessed heaven be on your heads, and let me speak a minute, while the biting hunger leaves me strength. O, little did I think that ever I should beg before a stranger's door. It is not long since I was happy in my father's house.

But ah! that house is lone and empty now. The fire has all gone out upon the hearth, and my poor arm will never be strong enough to kindle it again. Many a night have I sat there, to hear the stories my mother told or sung. The red light danced up and down her face, and her voice would rise and fall so soft and sweet, that in spite of me, the tears would come in my eyes.

That was the pleasant crying; but many bitter tears have come from my eyes since then. The blight fell on the crops, and then—oh,

* This note should be read by the teacher, or prompter, before the speaker commences.

then! what could we do but starve! The potatoes were all gone—not one could we have. Then every thing was sold to pay the rent—even my little bird, which the good man gave me. I could not hear it sing so sweetly any more.

I did not care so much for that; but then dear mother did not sing. When she tried to speak joyfully, to cheer my father, there was a shake in her voice, and her lip would tremble. No wonder they both looked pale and sad, for famine and starvation were where plenty was before.

THE IRISH BOY.

In the Winter of 1848, many poor people in Ireland died of starvation. Listen to the story of the famishing boy.

I did not know what famine meant, but I soon learned; for we would often be a full day without tasting food. I would go to bed sick and fainting like; but I didn't mind it for myself at all, at all; only for little sister Norah. In all the country there was not a prettier child, with her cheeks of pink and snow, and her shining eyes, just the color of the sky in June.

O, if you could have seen her as she was! A happy smile was always on her face, and it filled my heart with joy to hear her merry laugh. But ah! when the famine came, it bore hard on little Norah; it rubbed out all the dimples on her face, and the red blush on her cheek faded. Her eyes grew dim, and sunk back in her head, as if the tears she shed would put out all the light in them.

O, it would have gone to your hearts, to see her hold out her long, thin hand, and hear her young, sweet voice ask for bread, when there was none to give her. I saw my poor mother wring her hands and cry, because she had no bread to give her starving child. Mother would sooth her to sleep—but she would sob, and her face would keep moving all the time.

But she did not sob long; for one night, after she had been stupid a long time, she roused up and said, "I am very hungry." Then she stretched herself out on her mother's lap, and was still; she never breathed again. Father put an old cloth around her body, and buried her, but she had no coffin to lie in.

Then the hunger was so hard upon my father, that he fell down and could not walk. In

a few days he was dead.' After that, the hunger grew very hard upon my mother, and she was soon in the grave, beside my father. Then I was all alone.

I could not stay where I was once so happy, for it was cold and lonely there. May the blessings of kind heaven be upon you, and will you give me some food, that I may not starve ?

WASHINGTON.

How unlike Napoleon was our revered Washington. Engaging early in the glory of the colonies for independence, he exhibited talents, which showed that he was destined not to follow, but to lead. Being placed in command of the whole American forces, he showed by his wisdom, his prudence, and his firmness, that he was by no means unfit for his station.

The motives which urged him onward were pure and honorable. Looking into the deep recesses of his heart, we find there no traces of an unholy ambition. The God he worshipped was the King of kings—the end he aimed at. the deliverance of his country.

Never was he found within the walls of the capitol, enforcing his authority by violence and arms ; but the breezes of midnight paused and listened, as they swept by him in some lonely solitude, uttering the homage of his soul in prayer, or seeking counsel of the God of battles. He accomplished his object ; the shackles of oppression were broken ; his country free !

He might have reigned as a monarch ; but he preferred the retirement of a domestic life, to the adoration of a land, he might almost be said to have created. He passed his days in honor and repose, and dying, shed a deep, yet hallowed gloom over a whole continent. The towering monument, or the time-defying marble, are unnecessary to perpetuate his fame. His name is graven deeply upon the hearts of his countrymen ; his virtues are inscribed, in living characters, on tablets of memory.

WINE is a mocker ; strong drink is raging ; and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise. Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh ; for the glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

PARTY SPIRIT.

Extract from a speech of the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, delivered in the Senate, at Washington, Feb. 5th, 1850, on taking up his resolutions, proposing a compromise between the North and the South, on the subject of slavery.

I HAVE seen many periods of great anxiety, of peril, and of danger, in this country, but I have never before risen to address any assemblage, so oppressed, so appalled, and so anxious. And I hope it will not be out of place to do here, what I have done again and again in my private chamber—to implore Him who holds the destinies of nations and individuals in His hands, to bestow upon our country *His* blessing, to calm the violence and rage of party, to still passion, to allow reason once more to resume its empire. And may I not also ask Him to bestow upon His humble servant the blessing of His smiles, and strength and ability to perform the work which now lies before him?

If I should venture to trace the cause of our present dangers, difficulties, and distractions, to its original source, I should ascribe it to the violence and intemperance of party spirit. I know the jealousies, the fears, and the apprehensions which are engendered by it: but

if there be in my hearing now, or out of this capitol, any one who hopes, in his race for honors and elevation, for higher honors and higher elevation than that he may now occupy, I beg him to believe that I will never jostle him in the pursuit of those honors, or that elevation. I assure him, if my wishes prevail, my name shall never be used in competition with his; for when my service is terminated in this body; my mission, so far as respects the public affairs of this world, is closed—and closed for ever.

It is impossible for us not to perceive that party spirit and future elevation mix more or less in all our affairs, in all our deliberations. At a moment when the White House is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be its next occupant.

It is passion and party spirit which I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which unhappily, at this time, divide our distracted country. Two months ago, all was calm, in comparison to the present moment. Now, all is uproar and confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of this people.

I entreat you, by all you expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to you here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to subdue the violence of party spirit, to listen to the voice of reason, and look to the interests of your country.

HOME

WHAT a charm rests upon the endearing word, *home*, when that place is consecrated by domestic love, the golden key of earthly happiness ! There a father welcomes with fond affection ; there a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial ; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus ; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Our days may be painful, our path may be chequered with sorrow and care ; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears. Yet when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place where it delights to linger, as among the

loved scenes of home! It is the polar star of existence. It cheers the mariner when far away from his native land, in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows. Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is Home, sweet Home!

HUMAN ACTIONS.

WE see not, in this life, the end of human actions—their influence never dies. In every widening circle, it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world. Time determines what shall be our condition in that world.

Every morning, when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand on our destiny, and every evening, when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity—not a voice but reports at the throne of God.

Let youth think of these things, and let every one remember that in this world, where character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

BE ACTIVE.

A STILL pool soon becomes stagnant. A machine without motion becomes rusty. And man, great, glorious, majestic in his creation, without action, becomes an icy weight, a burthen to society. We live in stirring times. It becomes every man to do something, to exert himself for the common weal, to be zealous and active. What better are you than a man of snow, while you fold your arms, and sit still, gazing with a vacant stare above and around you?

TIME.

I SAW a temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it, the God of Nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls; the gay and beautiful were there. I returned, and the temple was not there! Its high walls lay scattered in ruins; moss and rank grass grew wildly there. The young and the gay who revelled there had all passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in its youth—the idol of his mother, and the only pride of his father. I returned, and hoary locks were upon the head of the child. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood, the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak stand in all its pride upon the mountains; the birds were carolling on its boughs. I returned; the old oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastimes through its boughs. "Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together for joy, over the new-made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on the earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, and veiled the moon in blood; yea, when he shall have rolled heaven and earth away as a scroll—then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, lift up his hand towards heaven, and swear, by Heaven's Eternal, Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more!"

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

TAKE some quiet, sober moments of life, and add together the two ideas of pride, and of man. Behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death. Day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath.

Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory ; to deny his own flesh ; to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return ? When he dies, can he escape the common grave ? Pride is not the heritage of man ; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.

Boys, do you know how to ride down hill ? It is great sport, I assure you. Those boys who live where there are long hills have fine fun in Winter. Up the hill they go, each one with his little sleigh, then all get on their little sleighs, and down they go, away, away, swift as a bird can fly.

CHRISTIANITY.

IF Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, and the throngs of busy men, we should find her last retreat with woman at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering around the knees of a mother—her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God!

THE FUTURE.

WHAT hopes and fears press upon us while the mind vainly strives to cast aside the veil in which the future is shrouded. What changes will earth's millions witness within a week, a month, a year? Do brighter hopes, or deeper sorrows await the poor, the afflicted, the oppressed?

Will the blessings of health be prevalent throughout the world, for a year to come, or will the swift-winged pestilence be spread over the nations of the earth, causing the strong man's heart to fail within him? Will the

friends of freedom rejoice in the progress of liberal opinions, or mourn over the triumphs of tyranny and despotism ?

What changes will a year produce in our own conditions ? Will our hopes be realised, or will disappointments come, and sorrows gather thickly around us ?

In view of all the phantoms, and all the realities of life, we should give diligent heed to the voice of true wisdom ; and while we move onward among earth's living glories, with high hopes and aspirations, we should look forward to that unknown future, whose veiled mysteries no mortal gaze can pierce, but which, at every foot-fall in life's pathway, may open and engulf us.

A CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

WHEN you visit the spot where a Christian lies, do not choose a sad and mournful time ; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of the Christian ; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing.

RAVAGES OF ALCOHOL

MEN resolve, as it were, to anticipate the corruption of their natures. They cannot wait to get sick and die. They think the worm is slow in his approach, and sluggish at his work. They wish to re-convert the dust before their hour comes, into premature deformity and pollution. It has been called a partial death. I would call it a double death, by which they drag about with them, and above the grave, a mass of diseased, decaying clay.

They not only commit suicide, but do it in such a way as to be the witnesses and conscious victims of the cruel process of self-murder; quenching the sight, benumbing the brain, laying down the arm of industry to be cut off; and changing a fair, robust frame, for a shrinking, suffering, living corpse, with nothing of vitality but the power of suffering, and with everything of death but its peace.

Then follows the wreck of property, the great object of human pursuit. Temporal ruin comes like an avenging angel, to waste the substance of the intemperate. It crosses his threshold, commissioned as it were to plague him with all the horrors of a ruined fortune

and blasted prospects. It passes before his astonished sight in the dread array of debts accumulated, substance squandered, and honor tainted.

It produces consequences of still more awful moment. It first exasperates the passions and then takes off from them the restraints of reason and will—maddens, and then unchains the tiger raving for blood. It tramples the intellectual and moral man under the feet of stimulated clay; lays the understanding, the kindly affections, and the conscience in the same grave with prosperity and health; and having killed the body—kills the soul.

THE ESSENCE BOY

[This may be spoken by a boy with a basket on his arm containing vials.]

LADIES, you could not do a kinder act than to lighten a poor lad's basket. I have been crying my essence since early dawn, but I have not had worse luck in a long time. I thought I should soon sell this one bottle of *Patriotism*, for I am sure a few drops would

act as a charm at this time. It is a scarce article, and nearly out of the market.

"It is compounded from extracts of the "*Spirit of Seventy-six*," the oil of the "*love of peace and good order*," together with two other valuable extracts, viz., "*Do justice to all men*," and "*Love your neighbor as yourself*."

But ladies, stay a moment, here is the very article for you. See how it sparkles. You may say of it, "How ruby bright." This is the essence of *Matrimony*, a very harmless and delightful composition. Observe its crimson hue—that is produced by the extract of *modesty* with the tincture of *blushes*. This essence also contains a mixture of *simplicity of manners* and *plain dealing*, with a decoction from a simple sprig of *firmness*.

There are several other precious ingredients in this essence, and among them is the *spirit of meekness, gentleness, and forbearance*, with some grains of *economy, prudence, and industry*. This essence is sometimes adulterated with an extract of *bitter sweet*. The genuine has on the seal a heart and an eye, with the word "*fides*." This is the veritable

essence, as you see, and is sweetened with the honey of *reciprocal affection*.

Here is an article of great value to the ladies. It is the essence of *beauty*, distilled from the delicate and lovely plant known as a *meek and quiet spirit*. I have been told by those who have long used it, that they are regardless of gray hairs and wrinkles, and seek no greater adornment for grace and beauty.

I will also show the *art of pleasing*, procured from an extract of the *root of good will*. Here is the essence of *prudence*. It is distilled from the blossoms of the tree called "*Think before you act*." This is very cooling, and keeps off all fevers of fretfulness and anger. A single drop taken daily strengthens the whole system.

This is the essence of industry. It contains a decoction from a native plant called "*keep yourself busy*," united with the oil of the *flowers of contentment*. These two, the essence of *prudence* and the essence of *industry*, are excellent articles to guard against the ills of life. Those who have made use of them say they operate admirably in preventing poverty, bad habits, discontent and many other evils.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

It strikes me as the most impressive of sentiments, that "it will be all the same a hundred years after this!" A hundred years after this! With what speed and certainty will those hundred years pass away! This day will draw to a close, and a few years will glide past. These little intervals of time accumulate and fill up that mighty space which appears so great to the fancy. The hundred years will see the wreck of whole generations.

Nearly every living thing that moves on the face of the earth will disappear from it. The infant that now hangs on its mother's bosom, will only live in the remembrance of his grandchildren. The scene of life and of intelligence that is now before me, will be changed into the dark and loathsome form of corruption.

The people who now hear me, will cease to be spoken of; their memory will perish from the face of the country; their flesh will be devoured by worms; the dark and creeping things that live in the holes of the earth will feed upon their bodies; their coffins will have mouldered away, and their bones be thrown up in the new-made grave.

And is this the consummation of all things? Is this the final end and issue of man? Is there nothing beyond time and the grave to alleviate the gloomy picture?—to chase away these dismal images? Must we sleep for ever in the dust, and bid adieu to the light of Heaven?

THE WILMOT PROVISO.

SPEECH OF PELEG PEPPEREL,

At a mass meeting of the people of Hornby.

The Wilmot Proviso is a clause inserted in a resolution which was presented to Congress in 1846, prohibiting the introduction of slavery into United States territory, then free. This proviso was presented by David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, and hence is called the *Wilmot Proviso*. It has caused considerable excitement, and given rise to much discussion in the country.

FELLER CITIZENS,—This is a great meetin. It is a sponteraneous bustin out of feelin. It is a pertinashus bubblin and bilin of public human indurance. What is this Wilmot Proviso, that's now roarin through the land like a railroad, or a magnetic panegraff broke loose?

This is what we've met to consider. What is it, then? Why, its about the ugliest thing

ever skeered up in a free, onmitigated country
 Its agin the constertooshun, its agin natral and
 aleyenable rights and parquisites, and is cal-
 culated to onhang the instertooshuns of the
 hull world, and the rest of mankind.

This Perviso is a heathenish abominashun
 of desternashun. Where did it come from?
 The first accounts out, we find that onholy,
 black old Egypshun, Fa-re-oh, king of the nig-
 gers, tryin to put it on the children of Isril.
 But he could'nt come it, and I was ollers pro-
 per glad he got drowned, and so come to an
 ontimely eend.

It has been practiced more or less from
 that time till the last few hundred years, when
 it went out in the reign of Judas Mackaboys,
 last king of Jubilee. But why linger on the
 onmitigated shades of the dusty futer? How
 come the Perviso agoin agin. Them's the
 question !

Feller Citizens : this is what I've been able
 to larn about it. It was dug up about tew
 yeers ago, sumers in Varmount, by William
 Lord Garrison and Ginerall Cass, and is now
 spreadin over the land with the speed of an
 iron Locofotive with the cars onhitched.

I hear General Taler's ordered out the standing army to head it; and well he might, for, according to all accounts, it is about the vilest thing that was ever set again. It threatens to underpin the very tenthook of humanity, and sap the foundations of individual generations, besides breaking things in general

THE PRINTED THOUGHT.

Who can measure the existence, or determine the effects of the printed thought? What is its destiny, where its termination? Who can tell its evils or recount its blessings? Who can recite its history or point to its resting place? Calculate the effects of reading.

Consider its blessings in elevating public morals, in advancing religion, in disseminating intelligence, in overthrowing error, in establishing the potency of truth. Glance at the vices it has engendered, the dissipation it has wrought, the misery it has entailed. Then some idea may be formed of the influence and power of the press.

The printed thought can never die. The appeals of the orator leave a temporary im-

pression behind, to waste in forgetfulness, but the printed sentiment returns again, to renew its influence upon the human mind.

Fraught with good or evil, it moves noiselessly among the people, and silently, and almost imperceptibly seals its truth or fiction upon the willing mind.

GREECE

THE sun of science arose on Athens' lofty towers, and there the siderial orbs of learning illuminated the world. It was in Greece that the human mind emerged from the night of mental darkness, and severed the galling chain of tyrannical ignorance.

Liberty is the daughter of light. She came forth in all her glory in the gardens of Greece. She flourished, and mankind stood astonished at the sublimity of her career. But where now is the glory of Greece? Where is that land of science and of song? Where now are her brave warriors, her illustrious statesmen, her immortal poets!

They have gone down the rapid tide of time, and have ceased to exist but on the scroll

of fame. The lamp of learning has been extinguished, and mental darkness rests upon the bosom of her land. Gothic ignorance now dwells upon the ruins of oriental greatness

CHANGE.

CHANGE is stamped on everything. We are reminded of it by the rolling seasons, by the growing and decaying grass, by the green and withering leaves.

To-day the sun shines in all its splendor, the gentle breeze sweeps lightly by, and all nature is in a state of repose. To-morrow thick clouds veil the sun, the tempest rushes over the hills, and the deep-toned thunder mingles with the contending elements.

To-day fortune may smile, friends cluster around us, and the smiles of heaven beam over our pathway. To-morrow the night of misfortune may overtake us, the light of heaven be shrouded, and the cup of happiness be dashed from our lips.

To-day we may bask in the sunny smiles of friendship, but to-morrow those bands may be rudely severed, and we may meet with

naught but cold civility, and withering frowns. In youth we look forward to the future with bright and sanguine expectations, but ere our hopes are realized, "a change comes o'er the spirit of our dreams."

A happy group cluster around the fireside of home, and the merry laugh and song pass round the circle. But a change comes—death enters and bears away in its cold embrace, the loveliest and most beloved of that happy band. Then tears of mourning are in the place of joy and happiness.

We meet in the school-room from day to day, and but few of us realize that it is only for a short time. Changes are coming for us all. Years will roll away, and we shall not be here. These walls will soon echo to the sound of other voices, other feet will tread lightly through this room, and other forms will occupy these seats.

Our hearts, now full of hope and lightness, may be seared and blighted by the withering hand of disappointment, and the loved ones, now dear to us, may soon lie beneath the clods of the valley; all will change, and we shall pass away.

THE OCEAN.

I SOMETIMES sit by the sea shore, as mute as a frog in frost time, gazing upon the wondrous expanse of waters, like a pensive pelican, to give exercise to my thinking powers; to do a little talking without the aid of the tongue; to hold an interesting confab with the Spirit of Nature, who prefers the language of the heart, in its raw material, to that which is ground into words by the mill of the mouth.

I sit there to think, meditate, ponder, and reflect; and what is more likely to keep a man's thinkers busy, than the wild, mighty, and mysterious monster; quivering, trembling, heaving, raging, roaring, moaning, sighing; enfolding the earth, like a serpent with its tail in its mouth; an emblem of human passions; of the past, the present and the future: of time and eternity. There it lies! precisely as it lay in the beginning. Man has marred, beautified, and altered the face of terra firma, but old ocean remains the same; undisfigured by a single scar or blemish, and unadorned by the least evidence of improvement.

Time leaves tracks behind him as he travels upon the land; tracks as palpable as those of

geese after a light snow-fall; whereby the earth's age may be as easily guessed at as that of a cow by counting the wrinkles upon her horns; but as to finding any traces of his footsteps upon the unalterable main, you might as well look for patches and stitches upon the canopy of heaven. Nations have ploughed it as a field, but where are the furrows? They have sown it with silver and with gold, but what is the harvest?

ROME.

ROME rose on the ruins of Greece to wave her sceptre over the subjugated world. There Virgil strung his lyre to sing Æneas' fame; and there Cicero shook the forum with the thunder of his eloquence, and struck terror to the hearts of tyrants.

Rome was then mistress of the world, and on her walls waved the flags of all nations. The mighty Hannibal lifted his arm against her, but she crushed it; and Carthage, within whose walls Queen Dido entertained Æneas, fell before her. Cæsar then lived. His path

was conquest, and dreadful was the fate of that warrior who dared the vengeance of his arm.

But where now is Cæsar, and where is Cicero? Alas! they have been murdered. And where is mighty Rome? She has been tumbled over the precipice of faction, and lost in the whirlpool of anarchy. A barbarian torrent has overrun the blooming gardens of Italy, and the Goth and Vandal have prostrated Rome for ever.

BONAPARTE.

BEHOLD Napoleon as he rises like a giant from his slumbers, and seats himself upon the throne of the Bourbons. He arose; he conquered; he flourished. He pointed the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him. He levelled his lightning at Spain, and she trembled. He sounded the knell of vengeance on the plains of Austerlitz, and all Europe was at his feet. He was greater than Cæsar; he was greater than Alexander. But where now is Napoleon Bonaparte? He has fallen. The tremendous military drama has closed, and the great tragedian has left the stage for ever.

THE HUMAN HEART.

THE velvet moss grows upon the sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruin, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the dying year. And something beautiful and grateful to the soul, in the darkest hour, will twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars, the broken arches, and desolate temples of the human heart.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

IN the American forest, amid the scenes of poetry and romance, the Indian hunter once stood and gazed at his image. There he heard the Great Spirit in the tempest, and saw him in the clouds. On the banks of the lonely stream he bowed down in adoration before the setting sun. There he read his doom in the evening skies, and dropped a tear on his country's tomb. The council fire has been extinguished, and the war dance no longer echoes along the hill.

The last Indian will soon climb his native mountain to view the departed inheritance of

his race. There he will bow his knee for the last time to the setting sun as it sinks behind his lonely wigwam, and there he will worship for the last time the Great Spirit of the waters—the Genius of storms and darkness.

THE PRESENT AGE.

WE live in a remarkable period of the world's history—a period in which new empires take the place of old ones with wonderful rapidity. Old empires are now paying a penalty for transgressing the laws of morality and social well-being during many generations.

Europe has enjoyed power and has abused it, and the sceptre of the world's dominion is now passing from her grasp. Civilization, as of old, is following the course of the sun, and the destinies of humanity will work themselves out in a new field, and on a larger scale.

The world is starting afresh, as it were, and the lover of humanity can but hope that the present and future will take warning from the errors of the past. That in the decay and fall of empires, humanity itself will emerge

from each change in brighter lustre, wiser, more peaceable, and more religious; and that man will exert greater efforts to usher in that happy time, when "the people shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, nor learn war any more."

USELESS REPINING.

WHAT is the use of being sad? of closing the window shutters of the soul's tenement against the sunlight of joy, especially when the world without is so bright and cheerful? Look out upon the smiling creation and partake of that spirit of gladness which was intended to pervade all Nature's works. Even though you anticipate troubles at hand, sing and be merry, like tree-toads before a thunder-storm; and their visits will scarcely be heeded.

Murmuring never healed a wound nor eased a pain, except when one frets himself to death. Contrive to keep cares out of the bosom. When a few of these annoying insects once get there, they breed faster than bedbugs in June, and

eat holes in the heart large enough for rats to run through. If botherations beset me, I make myself easy, knowing full well they will leave on the morrow: if sorrow comes to seek lodging in my bosom's bed-chamber, I tell her I am all full, and a few over; and besides, I don't accommodate any of her sort. I laugh at her for supposing she can come in with a bad shilling, and off she goes. Sorrow can't bear to be laughed at.

If my pockets should happen to be light, I wouldn't load my heart with lead; and if, unfortunately, I should burst my trowsers in straining to lift too big a bag full of riches, I should get them mended, and think no more about it.

Cheer up, ye sad and disconsolate! your grim phizzes are enough to frighten happiness over half a dozen fenees; put clean vests upon your hearts; scour up your thoughts; let Imagination gather daily fresh garlands from paradise; and permit Fancy to throw a few of her favorite flowers upon the altar of hope. In a word, be determined not to care for Care, and you will find the world a great deal smoother than it looks to be.

THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL.

THIS is a beautiful world. Whether we view it in the freshness of its first green dress, in the richer glory of its summer garb, or in the sere and yellow leaf of autumn, it is still a beautiful world.

In the richness of its coloring, the perfect fulness of its forms, and the adaptation of all its parts to the purposes for which they were designed, it declares, "the hand that made me is divine."

INTELLECTUAL TRIUMPHS.

By the might of his intellect man has made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, and the most subtle and terrible of the elements the submissive instrument of his will.

He turns aside, or garners up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshops; the ocean bears his burdens, and the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for the mastery that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam.

The stillness of the forest is broken at midnight by the snorting of the iron horse, as he drags the long train from lakes to ocean with a slave's docility—a giant's strength. His sharp, quick breathing bespeaks his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects his course.

On dashes the restless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun finds him at rest in some far distant mart, while the partakers of his wizard journey are scattered here and there, engaged in their vocations:

THE ORPHANS.

[The following article is an extract from a speech made in New-York in the winter of 1850, in relation to the thousands of poor children in that city, who are either orphans or in a worse state, their parents living in squalid poverty, or in pollution, vice and degradation.]

FROM below the deep foundation of our splendid civilization; from dens of unmitigated guilt that reach beneath our churches and palaces; from charnel-houses which witness the enormous agonies of the living-dead; young children call to us—with dumb lips they speak—but in silent language they cry, saying, "We are ORPHANS—strangers alike to the

love of man, and the knowledge of God. Earth is all ice to our tread, and heaven all darkness to our vision. We are dying, mind and heart, in self-consuming agonies. O, hear us! pity us! save us! Deliver us from our wretched state, and place our feet in the paths of wisdom, virtue and peace."

THE AX-MEN.

LET us contemplate the onward march of the pioneers of civilization—the forest conquerors—before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades, the monarchs of the forest, rank after rank, come crashing to the earth. From age to age they have kept the soil and sunshine apart, as they shall do no longer. Onward, still onward, pours the army of ax-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes.

But yesterday their advance was checked by the Ohio; to-day it crossed the Missouri, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Cæsar, or Frederick or Napoleon, ever equalled this, in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory.

THE LION'S ROAR.

THE roar of the lion is his natural voice. When enraged he utters a short and suddenly repeated cry, louder and more appalling than his roar. When heard amid the solitary wilds he inhabits his roar is loud and terrific. It is a prolonged effort—a kind of deep-toned grumbling, mixed with a sharp vibrating noise. When heard in the night, and re-echoed by the mountains, it resembles distant thunder.

LESSONS IN HUMILITY.

I KNOW of nothing so well calculated to teach humility to man, and convince him of the utter fragility of the proudest monuments of art, as the relics which remind us of vast populations that have passed from the earth, and the empires that have crumbled into ruins.

We read upon the ruins of the *past* the fate of the *present*. We feel as if the cities of men are built upon foundations beneath which the earthquake sleeps, and that we await the same doom which has already overtaken so much of mortal grandeur and magnificence.

Under such emotions, we look upon all human power as without foundation, and view the proudest nations of the present as covered only with the mass of their desolation.

The Assyrian Empire was once the terror and wonder of the world; Babylon was, perhaps, never surpassed in power and gorgeous magnificence, and ancient Rome was once the irresistible monarch of the East, the proud mistress of the world.

But where now is the Assyrian empire? Where is the city of Babylon? Where is imperial Rome? Alas! they have faded from the earth, and exist only in the pages of history.

WE were not made like fish, to live in the water; and if by any misfortune we were to sink beneath its surface, and be kept there, we should perish soon by drowning.

We are not like the birds, provided with wings to fly from tree to tree, from house to house, or from hill-top to hill-top; and if we were so foolish as to ascend a tree or house, and attempt to fly from there, we should fall to the earth and be dashed to pieces.

FAREWELL TO MY COUNTRY.

[The following is an extract from an eloquent address to the Magyars, (*Madj'-yers*.) written by Kossuth, (*Kos-soot'*) at Orsova, after Gorgey's surrender of the Hungarian army.]

FAREWELL, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyars! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains. My last looks are fixed upon my country, and I see thee overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future, but that is overshadowed.

Land of my love, thou art in slavery! From thy very bosom will be forged the chains to bind all that is sacred. I hoped for thee even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word, Despair. I lifted my voice in thy behalf when men said, "be thou a slave."

My principles have not been those of Washington, nor my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation—free as man cannot be made but by God. And thou art fallen; faded as the lily. The united forces of powerful nations have dug thy tomb; the withering grasp of tyranny has seized upon thy vitals, and oh! my country, the blighting curse of oppression is upon thee.

THE FIXED STARS.

To look upon and contemplate those stars which we call fixed ; and of whose immeasurable distance we scarce can form the faintest notion ; which circulate not around the sun, nor borrow light from his beams ; and which can be no other than suns themselves, radiant and glorious as ours, cannot but ennoble and elevate the mind.

To reflect upon the space within which they roll ; to consider that beyond all the eye of man, aided by the telescope, has ever viewed, worlds may roll afar, occupying an extent of space, compared with which, all that has ever met the eye of man may shrink into insignificance ; and to meditate upon such sublime grandeur, raises the mind from low and trifling things, and employs the highest faculties upon objects worthy of their exercise.

But beyond and above all that is lofty in the contemplation of this mighty scene, it is there we trace, on a grand and most magnificent scale, the handiwork of Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. The universe in all its splendor, in all its immensity, is the kingdom of Jehovah.

GENIUS

HE is not the greatest man who, with a giant intellect, can startle the multitude as with sudden thunder. The impression left behind is not agreeable, is not lasting.

He who would stir up the soul must have a calm, sympathising heart. It is this which vibrates through the human soul, leaps in the warm pulses, and urges us to deeds of mercy. The man whose sympathies are with common humanity, breathes thoughts which will never die.

EVIL COMPANY.

THERE are six classes of company to be avoided ; those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands ; those who scoff at religion ; those who use profane or filthy language ; those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness ; those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and apt to get into difficulty with others ; and those who are addicted to lying and stealing. All these classes should be avoided, for if we associate with them, they will soon make us like themselves.

THE OLD YEAR.

ANOTHER year has wrapped its shroud around it, and sleeps beside its fathers in Time's ancient sepulchre. Upon the folds of its garments are inscribed the joys and sorrows of a world.

The feasts of opulence; the merry-making dance; the voice of revelry and mirth; buoyant and blighted hopes; plighted and broken vows; the pining want, and piteous moans of poverty; the sighs of wretchedness; the tears of the distressed; the groans of the sick and dying; the grief and heart-felt agony of poverty-stricken widows and orphans, are all mingled in the inscriptions on the old year's robe.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty; there is nothing sweeter than charity; there is nothing warmer than love; there is nothing richer than wisdom; there is nothing brighter than virtue; there is nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

THE DEAD.

How little do we think of the dead. Their bones lie entombed around us. The lands they cultivated, the houses they built, the works of their hands are always before us.

We walk in the same path, sit at the same fireside, dine at the same table, and sleep in the same room, but seldom reflect that those who once occupied these places are gone—yes, gone for ever. Strange that the living should so soon forget the dead, when the world is full of the monuments of their lives.

CATS IN ENGLAND.

MANY years ago cats were very scarce in England, and their value was fixed by law. A kitten was worth one penny before it could see, and when it could catch a mouse it was valued at two pence. The person who sold the kitten had to warrant it to be a good mouser; and if it did not turn out to be so he was to forfeit one-third of its value.

If any person killed the cat of a prince, he was to forfeit a sheep and a lamb; or as much wheat as would cover the dead cat when held up by the tail—the head touching the floor.

CRACOW.

BUT a few years have passed since Cracow, the last remaining vestige of the once great Polish nation; the last narrow strip of land that remained of poor Poland; the last and only spot on which a Pole dare call himself a Pole, was annexed to Austria.

The nationality of that once prosperous people was obliterated by the iniquitous act of Austria, Russia and Prussia, and Poland is now numbered among the nations that were.

GIVE NO PAIN.

BREATHE not a sentiment, say not a word, give no expression of the countenance, that can offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word or look might fill with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions and expressions of others, remember they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow upon the happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

THE UNION.

[The following is an extract from a speech of the *Hon. Daniel Webster* of Massachusetts, delivered in the Senate of the United States, March 6, 1850, on the subject of *Slavery*. The agitation of that subject had given rise to many remarks relative to the dissolution of the Union.]

It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations; in the midst of dangers to the institutions of our government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. "The east, the north, and the stormy south, are all combined to make the whole ocean toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths."

I do not affect to hold, or to be fit to hold, the helm in this combat with the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I intend to perform it with fidelity—not without a sense of surrounding dangers, and not without hope.

I have a part to act; not for my own security and safety—for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck is to ensue—but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of the whole.

I speak to-day for the preservation of the

Union ; I speak from a solicitous and anxious desire for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all.

I should much prefer to hear from every member upon this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declarations of opinion that in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible.

I hear with pain, and anguish, and distress, the word secession, when it falls from the lips of those who are eminent, patriotic, known to the country, and known to the world, for their political services. Secession ! peaceable secession ! Your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle.

I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, of war, pestilence and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession ; of breaking up this great government, of dismembering this great country. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of peaceable secession and dissolution.

Peaceable secession ! The dismemberment

of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is foolish enough—I ask every body's pardon—who is foolish enough to expect to see any such thing?

He who sees these States now revolving in harmony around one common centre, and expects to see them quit their places, and fly off without convulsions, may look out the next day to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing a crush of the universe.

Such a thing as peaceable secession! It is utterly impossible. Is the constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows upon the mountains are melted under the influence of a vernal sun, to disappear almost unobserved?

Our ancestors would rebuke and reproach us; our children and grand-children would cry shame upon us, if we of this generation should tarnish those ensigns of the honor, power and harmony of the Union, which we now behold with so much joy and gratitude.

Peaceable secession ! A concurrent resolution of all the members of this great republic to separate ! Where is the line to be drawn ? What states are to be associated ? What is to become of the army ? What is to become of the navy ? What is to become of the public lands ? Alas ! what is to remain America ? What am I to be ? Where is our flag to remain ? Where is the eagle still to soar aloft ? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the earth ?

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature is a gem that shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. No one gains anything by being cross and crabbed.

If you desire to be happy, be good natured. Don't let little matters ruffle you. If a friend has injured you ; if the world goes hard ; if you want employment and cannot get it ; if your faults are magnified ; if enemies have traduced or friends deceived you ; never mind. Don't get angry with any body ; don't abuse

the world nor any of its creatures. Keep good natured and all will soon be right.

The soft south wind, and the genial sun, are not more effectual in clothing the earth with the verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in endowing our hearts with the blossoms of kindness, affection, and true happiness.

KNOWLEDGE.

WE are looking forward to the advent of better days; and I rejoice to know that the means of securing them are in operation. Every letter taught to lisping infancy, every newspaper published, every school and every institution of learning in the land, brings "the good time" nearer, and encourages us to persevere in sowing that sure and golden seed, which, once rooted in the mind, brings forth beautiful and everlasting flowers.

Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can portray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us around and across it, pointing out and explain-

ing matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to their graves thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world.

It enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolutions of empires, the triumphs of art and literature, and the wars and conquests with which history groans, may all be crowded into our life's volume.

The experience of a day becomes the experience of an age, and almost gives to man the attributes of omnipresence. From the wandering Homer, who sang as never man sang before, to Shakspeare—the bard of all time—and to Byron, Burns, and Moore, we can sit and hold communion with every brilliant spirit, whose coruscations dazzle the earth.

Knowledge is the bulwark of our country. It is the basis of her government, the source of her glory, and the prop of her institutions. The most illustrious men of this and other ages

sprang from the humbler classes of mankind, and genius does for them what wealth and station cannot do for others.

Without it, the faculties of the mind are paralyzed, memory is lost, perception destroyed, taste uprooted and reflection scattered to the "winds of heaven." Without it, the body, sympathising with the mind, loses its elasticity and elegant proportions. Without it, no man can soar above the earth, or perform one deed that shall send his name down to posterity honored and revered.

ONWARD

ONWARD!—onward is the language of creation. The stars whisper it in their courses; the seasons breathe it as they succeed each other; the night wind whistles it; the waters of the deep roar it out; the mountains lift up their heads, and tell it to the clouds; and Time, the hoary-headed potentate, proclaims it with an iron tongue! From clime to clime, from ocean to ocean, from century to century, and from planet to planet—all is onward.

From the smallest rivulet to the unfathom-

able sea, every thing is onward. Cities hear its voice, and rise up in magnificence; nations hear it, and sink into the dust; monarchs learn it, and tremble on their thrones; continents feel it, and are convulsed as with an earthquake.

Men, customs, fashions, tastes, opinions, and prejudices, are all onward. States, counties, towns, cities, and villages are onward. That word never ceases to influence the destinies of men. Science cannot arrest it, nor philosophy divert it from its purpose. It flows with the very blood in our veins, and every second of time chronicles its progress.

From one stage of civilization to another; from one towering landmark to another; from one altitude of glory to another, we still move upward and onward. Thus did our forefathers escape the barbarism of past ages; thus do we conquer the errors of *our* time, and draw nearer to the Invisible. So must we move onward, with our armor bright, our weapons keen, and our hearts firm as the "everlasting hills." Every muscle must be braced, every nerve strung, every energy roused, and every thought watchful.

HOPE is a bright and beautiful bird. It comes to us amid the darkness and the storm, and sings its sweetest song. When our spirits are saddest, and the lone soul is weary; and longs to pass away, it warbles its fairest notes, and lightens the tender fibres of our hearts which grief has been tearing away.

AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM.

[The following is an extract from a speech of the Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan. It was delivered in the United States Senate, Jan. 4th, 1850, on taking up the resolution introduced by Mr. Cass, proposing to inquire into the expediency of suspending diplomatic relations with Austria.]

I do not mistake the position of my country, nor do I seek to exaggerate her importance, by asking this nation publicly to rebuke the atrocious acts of despotism by which human liberty and life have been sacrificed, under circumstances of audacious contempt for the rights of mankind, and the sentiments of the civilized world.

I am perfectly aware that we cannot roll back the unfortunate termination of the noble efforts of Hungary to assert her just rights ;

and I am fully persuaded that whatever we may do or say, the immediate march of Austria will be onward in the course of despotism, with a step feebler or firmer; as resistance may appear near or more remote, until she is stayed by one of those upheavings of the people, which is as sure to come, as that man longs for freedom, and longs to strike a blow which shall make it his.

Pride is blind, and power tenacious, and Austrian pride and power will hold out in their citadel until the last extremity, though they may quail before the signs of the times—the fraternal feelings—by which streets are made fortresses, and armies are revolutionized. But many old things are passing away, and Austrian despotism will pass away in its turn. Its bulwarks will be shaken by the rushing of mighty winds, and by the voice of the world, whenever a benignant expression is not restrained by the kindred sympathies of arbitrary powers.

PART SECOND.

DIALOGUES.

THE HEARTS OF ANIMALS

RUGENE.—Henry, do you not think the hearts of animals are very curious things?

HENRY.—I don't know that I do; I never saw anything very curious about them, did you?

RUGENE.—Indeed, I have seen curious things about them; and I have read things much more curious.

HENRY.—Well, what are they? I should like to know.

RUGENE.—I think it is very curious that *our* hearts, and those of many animals, have *four* cavities through which the blood passes, while some animals have hearts with but *three* cavities, some with but *two*, and others with only *one*.

HENRY.—What! are not the hearts of all animals alike?

RUGENE.—No, indeed they are not. The higher classes of animals, as men, beasts, and birds, have four cavities in the heart; reptiles—as snakes, frogs, &c., have three; fish have two, and such animals as crabs and lobsters have but one.

HENRY.—Well, that is very strange ; I believe . you will convince me there is something curious about the hearts of animals ; but you say the blood passes through the heart, will you tell me something about that.

RUGENE.—We have two kinds of blood, or rather the blood receives different names. You see the veins on your arms look blue. They contain impure, or *venous* blood, which is going back to the heart. The veins from all parts of the body unite in two large vessels before they reach the heart.

HENRY.—Well, what of that ? I want to know how the blood circulates *through* the heart.

RUGENE.—I was just about to tell you that these two large veins empty themselves into the upper cavity of the heart, on the right side. That cavity is called the *right auricle*.

HENRY.—Where does the blood go to then ? I begin to want to know all about it.

RUGENE.—When the right auricle is filled with blood it contracts, or draws together, and forces the blood downward into the next cavity, which is called the *right ventricle*.

HENRY.—Really, that is very curious ; but what next becomes of the blood ?

RUGENE.—The *right ventricle* then contracts, and forces the blood through a vessel called the *pulmonary artery*. This branches so as to form a great many very small vessels, which pass through the

THE STUDENT'S SPEAKER.

lungs. The air we breathe enters the lungs, where it comes in contact with the blood, and purifies it.

HENRY.—Indeed! that is very remarkable; never before knew so much about the heart, and the blood; but you have only described two cavities of the heart.

RUGENE.—I was about to tell you that the blood changes its color in the lungs, losing its bluish appearance, and becoming a deep red. It is then called pure, or *arterial* blood. The little vessels which are formed by the branching of the *pulmonary artery*, unite again after passing through the lungs, and are then called *pulmonary veins*. The blood empties themselves into the upper cavity of the heart, on the left side, which is called the *left auricle*.

HENRY.—Then the blood which passes through the *pulmonary veins* and enters the *left auricle* is *arterial* blood, which is of a deep red color, whereas that which passes through all the other veins is *venous* blood, and has a bluish appearance.

RUGENE.—Yes, that is so; but I was about to tell you that after the blood enters the *left auricle* that contracts and forces it downward into the lower cavity on the left side of the heart, which is called the *left ventricle*. This is very powerful, and in contracting, it forces the blood through the arteries into the whole body. It is the operation of the ventricle we feel when we put the hand on the

left side. We call it the beating of the heart, and the motion is very quick when we are excited.

HENRY.—All this is truly remarkable, and I am very glad you have told me about it, for now I shall want to learn all I can about the hearts and blood of all kinds of animals.

RUGENE.—I have not time to tell you much about the hearts of other animals. Men, beasts and birds have such hearts as I have described. Reptiles have only three cavities in the heart. The two *auricles* are like those already described. One receives the pure blood which comes from the lungs, and impure blood, which comes from all parts of the body, is emptied into the other. Then both *auricles* force their blood into one *ventricle*.

HENRY.—How very strange that is! The pure and impure blood must be mixed in that ventricle, as there is but one.

RUGENE.—Yes, so they are, and that ventricle then forces a portion of the half purified blood through the system, and another portion through the lungs. You will please excuse me now, for I must go. If you will read the right books you can learn about the hearts and blood of all kinds of animals, and you will ascertain that there are a great many animals which have no hearts at all. Good evening, Henry.

HENRY.—Good evening, Rugene, I am obliged to you for telling me so many things that I did not know before.

THE LAWYER AND IRISHMAN.

[The Irishman sits in a chair when the lawyer enters, but after answering the first question he rises, and both continue to stand during the conversation.]

LAWYER.—Well, Pat, what are you doing here ?

PATRICK.—Plase yer honor, an' aint I sitting in this chair ?

LAWYER.—Yes, I see you are sitting in that chair, but what are you here for ?

PATRICK.—Och ! an' what am I hare for ; an' did'nt I come to see yerself about that drame of mine.

LAWYER.—What was your dream, Pat ? come, out with it.

PATRICK.—It was a strange drame ; it was in-dade ; an' all about my old frind Mike O'Neil ; bless his poor sowl.

LAWYER.—Well what about your friend Mike ?

PATRICK.—Faith, an' did yer honor ever know Mike O'Neil. He was jist my age, for he died the very day I was born. May the blessed vergin perfect his poor sowl.

LAWYER.—That is very singular, but what has that to do with your dream ?

PATRICK.—I was jist about to tell you that he died the same day that Jemmy McMurphy died, who has been in his grave two years, jist, this very day.

LAWYER.—But what has McMurphy to do with your dream.

PATRICK.—But did'nt my frind Mike chate

every body when he was alive. He was my nixt door neighbor many a yare, for he only lived in the nixt strate but one.

LAWYER.—I think you must have forgotten your dream, Pat.

PATRICK.—No, indade, I was jist thinking about it; for you must know that he chated me badly when he was my nixt neighbor.

LAWYER.—Who was it that cheated you so badly?

PATRICK.—Plase yer honor, an' was'nt it my old frind Mike who chated me out of my own pig? indade it was, dear sowl.

LAWYER.—But what was your dream?

PATRICK.—An' wasn't it that of which I came to tell you, indade it was, Sir; for in my drame I saw my old frind Mike, an' wasn't Jemmy McMurphy with him, sure?

LAWYER.—Well, where were they, and what were they doing?

PATRICK.—Bless yer honor, they were jist the same as before they died, only a little more so.

LAWYER.—What were they doing, Pat?

PATRICK.—That is jist what I am about to tell ye, for I didn't know before that people trade horses in another world.

LAWYER.—Did your dream take you to heaven, then?

PATRICK.—May it plase yer honor, it did, in-

dade it did, an' it was there I saw my old frind Mike.

LAWYER.—Did you say he was trading horses ?

PATRICK.—That is jist the thing he was doing ; an' wasn't it with Jemmy McMurphy he was trading, sure it was.

LAWYER.—I suppose they made a fair and honest trade.

PATRICK.—Indade they didn't, for it was my frind Mike who couldn't be afther forgetting his old tricks ; an' he chated Jemmy badly.

LAWYER.—Well, what did Jemmy do then ?

PATRICK.—Faith, an' says he "I'll prasecute you, sure I will."

LAWYER.—And how did they make out with the lawsuit ?

PATRICK.—Sure, an' they didn't have any, indade they didn't.

LAWYER.—Why didn't they have a lawsuit ; I thought you said Jemmy threatened to prosecute Mike ?

PATRICK.—That's the very thing I was about to tell you, Sir ; for I thought it was what yer honor ought to be afther knowing. You see, Jemmy went to get a lawyer, an' he made inquiry every where, indade he did ; an' then he came back, an' says he, Mike, "I can't prasecute you anny how, for I've sarched the whole kingdom of heaven for a lawyer, an' there isn't a single one in it, indade there isn't."

EDWARD AND CHARLES.

[Edward sits upon a chair, and Charles is walking about the stage. When Edward speaks to him, Charles takes his seat in a chair near Edward; and they sit during the dialogue; carrying on the conversation in an animated manner.]

EDWARD.—Come, Charles, sit down here; I want to talk to you about matters and things in general, and some in particular. What do you think of rats?

CHARLES.—What do I think of *rats*? that is an odd question, but since you have asked it I will tell you. I think they are a rascally set of long-tailed, sharp-teethed quadrupeds, which live in barns, cellars, old walls, and many other places. They eat all kinds of grain, gnaw holes in doors and floors, and do a great amount of mischief.

EDWARD.—I think you must be a lawyer, for you give a long opinion upon a very short subject. But what do you think of the moon.

CHARLES.—I think the moon is a beautiful planet, for it gives us light at night, when it would otherwise be quite dark. You know moonlight nights are very pleasant.

EDWARD.—That will do on that subject; no, you may tell me if you think the moon is made of green cheese, but don't be too lengthy.

CHARLES.—I don't know just what it is made of, for I never was up there to see, but I suppose it is made of much the same material as the earth; but

it has no such atmosphere, and probably there is no water on the moon.

EDWARD.—There, I'm real glad you stopped ; you'r a roarer to go a head. Do you always keep on continuing to persevere and press forward at that rate ? But never mind now, just tell me what you think of skating on a dry mill-pond.

CHARLES.—You must be beside yourself, to talk about a *dry* mill-pond. How could there be a mill-pond where there is no water ? and water is never dry, I believe.

EDWARD.—Well what do you think of wild geese and porcupines ?

CHARLES.—They are very unlike, for wild geese are noble looking bipeds, and belong to the second class of animals, while porcupines are dull, awkward quadrupeds, and belong to the first class of animals.

EDWARD.—Well, that will do ; but what is your opinion of goats.

CHARLES.—I believe wild goats are regarded as peculiarly adapted to live among the mountains, where they spend most of their lives. They bound from rock to rock with great ease, and feed upon the wild grass which is out of the reach of all other animals. They are free and fearless among their mountain homes.

EDWARD.—Really, Charles, you astonish me with your learning and eloquence ; but what is your opinion of cats ?

CHARLES.—My opinion is that cats are cats ; does that suit you ?

EDWARD.—Surely ; nothing could be more to the point, and then so brief, and so forcibly expressed.

CHARLES.—I am really glad if I have pleased you once ; but I must go, so good night.

WILLIAM AND GEORGE.

[George is walking from William, on the stage, when William calls to him and George turns round.]

WILLIAM.—Halloo, George ! is that you or your brother ? it appears to me that it looks some like both of you.

GEORGE.—I hardly know which you will think it is ; but I suppose most people would call it my brother.

WILLIAM.—Why, what do you mean by that ? if it is you they could not think it your brother, and I believe it is you.

GEORGE.—Don't be too positive, William, for they might think it my brother, after all.

WILLIAM.—How do you make that out ? I should like to know how they could think it your brother if they know it to be you.

GEORGE.—O, you see when I got up this morning I put on my brother's pants, and then his vest, and coat, and hat, and they fit me, precisely.

WILLIAM.—Now I know what made me think you were your brother, but I don't know how people could continue to think so, when they knew better.

GEORGE.—I don't believe you know as much about the world as I do, or you would easily understand how that could be.

WILLIAM.—Perhaps I don't, for really I cannot see how it could be.

GEORGE.—Don't you know that most people judge men, and boys too, by their clothes, and as I have my brother's clothes on, they would persist in saying I must be my brother.

WILLIAM.—But, when they knew better they would give it up, and say it was you.

GEORGE.—I think not, William, for though I am only a boy, I have seen people bow to a man and pay him much respect, when he was rich and wore fine clothes; but he was unfortunate, and in a few years was poor, and wore plain clothes. Then the same people passed him unnoticed, and did not bow to him as they did when he was rich.

WILLIAM.—Perhaps he was not as pleasant as he was when rich, and that would be a reason for not bowing to him.

GEORGE.—Yes, indeed, he was much more pleasant, for we lived in the house next to him, and I

saw him every day. And I have heard him say that his misfortunes had taught him wisdom.

WILLIAM.—But I can't see why people should not bow to him just as much when he was poor, as when rich, if he was more pleasant, and wiser, as you say he was.

GEORGE.—Nor can I see any good reason for it, but so it is with the world. Every body bows to a fine suit of clothes, while they pass by a shabby coat without noticing the wearer ; even if he should be a much better and wiser man than the one with fine clothes.

WILLIAM.—Then I think the people are very foolish ; don't you George ?

GEORGE.—Yes, I do, but still I think they would call this my brother.

WILLIAM.—I hardly understand how that could be, after all

GEORGE.—I can tell you. These clothes are much nicer than mine. You know my brother is clerk in a store, and has to have fine clothes for his business. We are much alike in form ; you see his clothes just fit me ; and I believe we look much alike in the face. But I work on a farm and wear coarse clothes, to suit my business. When we walk along together, every body says of my brother, " what a fine boy that is," but they never say it of me. So one day, several weeks ago, I put on his clothes and walked out alone, and I heard several say, " what a

fine boy that is." Then I knew it was the clothes they were talking about.

WILLIAM.—Well done ; you have convinced me that most people would call you your brother ; but I wonder if they would call a sheaf of straw a fine boy, if it should be dressed in the same clothes ?

GEORGE.—I don't see why they should not, but I never want any one to call me a fine boy because of my clothes ; I want them to think well of me because I have good learning and behave well.

WILLIAM.—That is just as I feel.

THE CANNON.

MICHAEL.—Halloo ! Master Thomas, you are a Yankee boy, an' kin you jist tell me how a cannon is made ?

THOMAS.—No, Michael, I cannot tell you, but you are much older than I am, and I have no doubt you can tell me.

MICHAEL.—I'm jist the boy that kin tell you all about it. You know they milt iron, so it will run like water, or milted lead.

THOMAS.—Yes, I know that, but you were to tell me how cannons were made.

MICHAEL.—That's the very thing I shall be afther telling you ; for whin the iron is milted they make a cannon by jist taking a long hole and pouring the iron around it.

THE SILVER CUP.

[The palace of a noble Duke was decorated for a banquet. The noble and the gifted of the land were there, and drained the wine-glass to the honor of their host, the Duke. But the Duke frowned, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup. Turning to his son, the Duke spoke angrily.]

[Several large boys, or young men, should unite in speaking this dialogue; one acting as Duke, and the other as guests. They should stand on the stage drinking—(*water of course*)—to the health of the Duke. A smaller boy, the son of the Duke, should sit a little back, with a full cup before him. After the father has addressed the lad angrily, the boy should rise quickly and kneel before his father, facing him and nearly facing the audience. He should remain thus while speaking. When he closes with “shall I drain the cup?” the father puts his hand fondly on his head and speaks. When the Duke has done speaking, the boy arises, and then one of the guests speaks. All—but particularly the boy—should speak in a clear, distinct manner.]

DUKE.—Why is thy silver cup untouched, and why is the wine untasted before thee? When did my first-born learn to insult his father?

SON.—Father, I last night learned a lesson which sunk deep into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then, at thy command I will drain the cup.

I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments, and besought him not to enter. But he tore himself away, for his

thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished.

We went on, and a citizen of noble air and majestic mien descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wishfully as he rode away.

She was lovely, very lovely ; fairer than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned her husband lay helpless upon the couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

Once more we paused. A carriage stopped before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearings of a Duke were visible in the moon-beams. We waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move. Soon the servants came crowding out.

Sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw some of the jewels were torn from his mantle, and his plumed hat was crushed and soiled. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

As I looked on all this, my tutor told me it was the work of *wine*, which leaps gaily up, and laughs over its victims in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup ?

DUKE.—No, my son, touch it not. It is *poison*, as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, darkens the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away from thee, and so shalt thou grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself, and to thy country.

ONE OF THE GUESTS.—Thou hast done nobly, boy, and thy rebuke shall not soon be forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the passing season ; we now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a noble son—worthy of himself, and worthy of his country.

EDWARD AND LOONEY.

[Edward is a young gentleman, and Looney an Irish servant belonging to the family. Edward sits in the room, when Looney enters. There may be a bench with a blanket and pillow on it, to answer for a bed. There should also be a table on the stage. When Looney brings the dinner Edward commences eating, and continues to eat during the remainder of the dialogue. Edward sits and Looney stands.]

LOONEY.—Did you propel the bell, Master Edward ?

EDWARD.—Yes, Looney ; did my father dine at home to-day ?

LOONEY.—And didn't he sure, Sir, upon fish and roast beef ?—and the mother that resuscitated ye from your infanticide, didn't the lady dine with him ?

EDWARD.—Well, Looney, you may bring me some dinner here; I shall dine to day in my room.

LOONEY.—I must tell you, Master Edward, that I opinionate a revolutionary struggle about your being so much from home at the time of the diluvial meals.

EDWARD.—Why, Looney, what's the matter?

LOONEY.—O, Sir, the master and mistress have been in committee, temporising for hours about you and your perspective relations. This house used to be a paradise in future times, and the servants' hall was like the garden of Eden; but for days now there's no peace any how. The coachman is swearing about your keeping him up o' nights when honest folks ought to be in the arms of Orpheus.

EDWARD.—When you bring the dinner, Looney, if you meet my father and he asks for me, you may say I am fatigued and have lain down.

LOONEY.—Had'nt you best just get on the bed till I am out of the room, Sir, for I always equivocate the truth, as I'm a sinner that hopes to be saved.

EDWARD.—You shall have your own way, Looney, but be quick with the dinner.

LOONEY.—I'll make a geological survey of the pantry in no time, and return in *statu quo*.

LOONEY, (*returning with the dinner.*)—They're going to hang the pirates, Master Edward, the fifteenth day of next month. Lord, Sir, in Dublin

they'd have been dead long ago. May be you'll go to the mother-country of England, and perhaps you'll get a chance for an optical illusion of O'Connell ; I was born there myself.

EDWARD.—I thought you were born in Dublin, Looney.

LOONEY.—And sure isn't Dublin the mother-country ? Did you ever hear of Counsellor Phillips, Sir, at college ? I've sat on my father's shoulder by the hour, to hear him speak with my own ears.

EDWARD.—Well, how did he speak ?

LOONEY.—O, Sir, the jury would some of them cry like a baby ; and the judges would have to shut their eyes tight to keep in the rivulets of tears, pretending to be asleep. There wasn't his match for wind and bathos in all Ireland, Sir.

EDWARD.—You've forgotten the mustard, Looney.

LOONEY.—I'll adjourn for some, *sine die*, Sir.

EDWARD, (*when Looney returns.*)—Has my mother gone out with the carriage this afternoon, Looney ?

LOONEY.—Not yet, Sir ; and she bid me say as I was coming up that she'd like to have you take an aerial excursion with her this afternoon.

EDWARD.—I suppose she told you to ask me if I would take an airing with her.

LOONEY.—I believe that was her phrenology, Sir ; what shall I recapitulate to her.

EDWARD.—You may bear my respects to my mother, and say I will accompany her.

ANIMALS.

HERMAN.—Charles, I have recently been reading some works which treat of animals, and find them very interesting.

CHARLES.—I have never read much about animals, will you tell me something you learned from those works?

HERMAN.—I learned many things which I consider very curious and remarkable, and I look upon Natural History as a most interesting and useful study.

CHARLES.—That is very probable, but what did you learn from the works you say you have been reading?

HERMAN.—I learned that the whole animal kingdom is divided into *four groups*, termed sub-kingdoms, and that certain classes of animals belong to each group.

CHARLES.—Will you tell me what kind of animals belong to each group?

HERMAN.—All animals which have jointed spinal columns, or back-bones—as beasts, birds, reptiles and fish, belong to the first group. They all have red blood, and that of beasts and birds is warm, while that of reptiles and fish is cold.

CHARLES.—It is very curious, that some animals have cold blood. Now tell me about the second group.

HERMAN.—Such animals as crabs, lobsters, bees,

bugs, flies, &c., which have no bones in their bodies, but are furnished with shell-like coverings, belong to the second group. But very few animals of this group have any hearts, and most of them have white blood, or that which is not red.

CHARLES.—Really, animals which have no hearts are without bones, and have white blood ! That is very strange ; but what about the third group ?

HERMAN.—Such animals as slugs, snails, oysters, clams, &c., which have soft bodies without bones, belong to the *third* group ; and the star-fish, the coral-forming animals, sponges, &c., with a great many very small animals, which cannot be seen with the naked eye, belong to the *fourth* group.

CHARLES.—Do you call sponges animals ?

HERMAN.—Yes, sponges are regarded as animals, but in many respects they very nearly resemble vegetables ; and they are usually considered the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

CHARLES.—This seems very strange to me, and from what you say, I think there must be a great many curious animals.

HERMAN.—There are some very singular worm-like animals, which may be cut into several pieces, and each piece will grow and become a complete animal. Little buds grow from the sides of some animals like the buds and limbs of a tree. These are young animals, and after a while they fall off and are like the animal upon which they grew.

CHARLES.—I think you must be jesting, for I do not see how an animal could live if it should be cut into several pieces, but you say each piece will grow and make an animal. I suppose, then, if I should cut my toe off, it would grow, and after a little while become a boy.

HERMAN.—No, I am not jesting, for what I have told you is unquestionably true; but your toe would not grow and become a boy. They are animals of a very low order which, when cut in pieces, will grow and make several animals.

CHARLES.—But you must have been jesting about young animals growing upon the bodies of old ones, as the buds and limbs grow upon the trees. If you were not jesting, I suppose that wart, or bud, on John Smith's nose will grow to be a small boy one of these days.

HERMAN.—No, I was not, but this only takes place with a very low order of animals.

CHARLES.—Well, you tell some very curious things, and I think I shall study Natural History, for I should like to know more about animals.

HERMAN.—I would if I were in your place, for you will be much pleased and benefitted by the study.*

* The author has a work nearly ready for the press, entitled *Denman's First Lessons in Natural History*. It will probably be issued in the fall of 1850, or spring of 1851, and will be found to be admirably adapted for the use of those who are commencing the study of Zoology as a science.

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

EDGAR.—Well, cousin Hiram, I have been walking around the city until I am very tired.

HIRAM.—And how do you like the city, cousin Edgar? I hope you are pleased with it.

EDGAR.—I have seen many things that interest me, but after all they don't *please* me much.

HIRAM.—I am really sorry; but why is it that you are not pleased?

EDGAR.—Perhaps it is because I have been thinking of mother, and all the pleasant things at home.

HIRAM.—I should think you would desire to see your mother, but if you could have her and all your friends with you would you not prefer to live in the city?

EDGAR.—No, no, cousin, I should prefer living at my own home, far away in the country. I don't like these dry walls and stony streets. Let me live in the country, where I can walk out upon the soft, green grass, and look at the trees and the beautiful flowers.

HIRAM.—I should think that would be pleasant but then you would not see such fine stores and shops and carriages, and such beautiful churches and other buildings.

EDGAR.—No, but I would see lofty mountains, and beautiful fields, and tall trees, and little brooks, which please me much more than any thing I have seen in the city.

HIRAM.—Such things must be very pleasant, but I love my own home, and I love to walk about the city and see the many fine things.

EDGAR.—It is right for you to love your home, and you have a very pleasant one, but I think if you would go to the country with me, and see the lambs skip and play upon the hills, and walk out early in the morning to hear the birds sing so sweetly, you would never want to return to the city to live.

HIRAM.—I should like to go home with you and see all the things which please you so much, but I do not think I should like to live in the country.

EDGAR.—Perhaps you would not, and I suppose it is right that some people should be fond of living in the city, while others prefer to live in the country.

HIRAM.—What do boys do in the country when they do not go to school?

EDGAR.—My father is a farmer, and when I do not go to school I have many kinds of work to do. In the morning I help milk the cows, and then I drive them to their pasture. In the spring I help plant corn and potatoes; in the summer I spread and rake the hay; in the fall I husk corn, dig potatoes and pick apples; and I always have enough to do.

HIRAM.—I should not think you would like to live in the country if you had to work so much; I am sure I should not.

EDGAR.—We have enough time for play and sport in the country, but I love to work, and feel quite as well then as I do when at play. I have heard my father say that every boy ought to have something to do nearly all of the time, for if he has not he gets into idle habits, and is not apt to make a smart man.

HIRAM.—Perhaps that is so, for I have heard my father say that the very best business men were brought up in the country, where they worked at farming. I think I must go in the country and live on a farm, where I will have work steadily, for I want to make a good business man.

EDGAR.—I have no doubt that boys who have some regular work to do, make much better business men than those who are brought up with little or nothing to do. Those who labor steadily form habits of industry, and those who do not will become habituated to idleness.

HIRAM.—I think you must be right, cousin, but I never thought much about it before. I *must* go and live on a farm where I can have steady work and form habits of industry.

EDGAR.—I think it would do you good to live in the country a few years, if you should then return to the city.

HIRAM.—I will ask my father to let me go home with you, and if I like to live there, I will stay two or three years.

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

[Robert should be sitting, dressed like a sailor boy, with his hat on, when William walks carelessly along, and on discovering Robert stops and looks at him a moment, as if to assure himself that it is his brother. When he exclaims,—“Robert! Robert!” Robert rises and takes his hand. They soon let go of each other's hand, but continue standing during the dialogue. This should be spoken by boys who can feel, or seem to feel, what they say.]

WILLIAM.—Robert! Robert! is it possible! How glad I am to see you!

ROBERT.—Yes, Willey, it is Robert—your own “Robin Hood,” as you once loved to call me. But *you* know nothing of being glad; you must let me say *that*, for oh, how I have longed for *home* while sailing on the sea, and wandering in a land of strangers.

WILLIAM.—Well, Robin, you will be happy now, for I have good news to tell you.

ROBERT.—Good news! what is it? I wonder which of the four winds can ever blow fair for Bob Luckless, as the sailors call me. Is the good news about mother and dear little Jennette?

WILLIAM.—Yes, it is partly about them; but you don't speak of father, Robin.

ROBERT.—O, brother! I feared to ask about him; is he dead?

WILLIAM.—No, Robin, he is alive from the dead; and we have a home now, and a father too

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WILLIAM.—But the storm was greater at the farm, Robin ; for when mother and Jehnette grieved for you, father beat them, and turned them both out in that dreadful storm. When they reached the foot of the hill mother fainted and fell in the street ; Jennette fell by mother's side and threw her arms around her neck. I ran for neighbor Burns, and when I returned with him Rover sat by them whining. Poor dog, he had followed them as a faithful friend.

ROBERT.—And did neighbor Burns take you all into his house ?

WILLIAM.—Yes, and the next day *our* house was stripped of every thing, and father was taken to the poor-house quite ill. It was some days before mother could be moved, but when her strength returned she said to us, "Father shall not want for kind nursing in his sickness." So we all went to the poor-house. Robin, don't you remember the little society down in the village ?

ROBERT.—What, the little cold water company ? Yes, I do, and I always thought it a good thing.

WILLIAM.—Well, Charles Wilson spent the holidays at Mr. Burns.' He brought his little green box and his papers. He had a temperance pledge, and formed a little society, and we all joined. I obtained a little box like his, and copied his papers. Then I got a great many to sign ; and I persuaded father to sign too, and I believe it has saved him and many others from ruin.

ROBERT.—Did father keep his pledge? But quick! come, tell me all.

WILLIAM.—All seemed fair for a time, but the storm blew back, and father joined his old companions again, and was worse than ever.

ROBERT.—O, Willey! that's just the way it is at sea; the stormy wind lulls awhile, and then the tempest bursts out again with redoubled fury.

WILLIAM.—Mother was truly broken-hearted then, for hope seemed to have fled for ever. Little Jennette pined away, but at last a kind lady took her home with her. That was well for Jennette, but it sorely grieved poor mother.

ROBERT.—But what could win father back again? You say he does not drink now.

WILLIAM.—You know, Robin, father always favored me, for I was named after him. At the close of one of our long days of grief and suffering, when father had been from home since the night before, and mother was wasting away with grief and want, I went in search of father, and found him among a wicked crowd. I glided close to him unnoticed. He was just reaching out his hand to the counter, and something dropped from it on the floor. I suddenly caught it, and looking father kindly in the face, cried, with a trembling heart, "O, father! 'tis mother's gold ring!" For a moment he was overcome. I led him weeping to the door. He was quite himself, I am sure, for we then walked silently and sadly

home. Then father wept and told mother he would reform. Mother raised her feeble hands to heaven, praying for a blessing on those earnest promises. Then she took the ring and put it on father's finger, saying, "This shall be a seal of remembrance, William; look on it and forget not the past."

ROBERT.—And has all gone straight ahead since that? No more breakers or head winds, Willey?

WILLIAM.—I ran to my little box for my *temperance pledge*, and father signed it, with a trembling hand. He has been turned away by temptation but once since then, and I quickly took his hand, and pointing to the shining treasure on his finger, said, "See, father, don't forget mother's gold ring." It was enough, and it is now two years since father yielded to temptation, and they have been years of joys and blessings.

ROBERT —O, Willey! this is a time of joy and gladness to me; but come, I must go and see my dear mother, and Jennette, and dear father too, and I never will forget *my mother's gold ring*.

"Boy, who is your father?"

"Why don't you know? It's uncle John Smith."

"Then you are the son of your uncle, are you?"

"I calculate I am. You see father got to be a widower, and married Aunt Mary, mother's sister; so I reckon he's my uncle."

READING.

[Myron is sitting with a book in his hand when Peter enters. When Peter speaks Myron rises, and they both stand during the conversation. Myron keeps the book in his hand. In this, as well as other dialogues where the names of the boys are given, it would be better for the speakers to omit the printed names, and address each other by their proper names.]

PETER.—Ha ! ha ! here you are, Myron, reading an old book ; I wonder if you ever do any thing else.

MYRON.—Yes, Peter, I do many other things, but I am very fond of reading, and when I have a little spare time I sit down to gather knowledge from some good book.

PETER.—Gather knowledge ! really I suppose you expect to become a great man one of these days.

MYRON.—I don't know that I expect to become a *great* man, but I hope to become an *intelligent* man and a good citizen. So I like to read good books, from which I can gain useful information.

PETER.—Well, what are your books ? and what do you learn from them ?

MYRON.—This is an astronomical work, and I have learned by reading it, that the earth, on which we live, is round, like a ball, and is all the time flying through space much more rapidly than any bird can fly.

PETER.—O, nonsense ! that is not so ; the earth is just as still as a stump. You must know better than to believe any such thing.

MYRON.—No, indeed, I believe every word of it; and I am satisfied that the earth, with every thing upon it, rushes forward more than a thousand miles every minute.

PETER.—Well done for you; and don't you believe the moon is made of butter-milk?

MYRON.—No, I don't believe any such nonsense; but I have learned from this book, that while the earth moves onward at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, it rolls entirely over every day.

PETER.—I am sure you are a little crazy, Myron, for you must know the earth never turns over. Wouldn't all the water spill out of the mill-ponds, and the lakes and rivers, and even out of the wells? ha!

MYRON.—By reading good books I have learned how it is that the earth can keep turning over and over, all the time, as it does, and have nothing on it disturbed by its motion.

PETER.—I suppose you believe every thing you read; but I shall see if the earth turns over. If it does, it is in the night, and I will put a large stone on the top of a stump, and if the world turns over it will fall off. If I find it there in the morning I shall know the earth does not turn over.

MYRON.—The stone will not fall from the stump, so you cannot learn in that way whether the earth turns over or stands still. If you desire to learn that, you must read some astronomical work.

THE SYCAMORE

EDWARD.

Remember, James, those merry days
We sported round the tree ;
How blest the romping, laughing plays.
Of rosy infancy !
Remember here our father came,
And smiling shared the joyous game,
As glad the while as we :
Alas, those happy days are fled,
And he is silent with the dead !

JAMES.

Dear brother, see, the sycamore
Is old and withered now,
And pale the leaves are trembling o'er,
Each weak and silvery bough.
'Tis such a melancholy thing,
Among the fresh green trees of spring,
That, Edward, even thou
Canst not its destiny recall ;
And so the sycamore must fall !

EDWARD.

James, doth it not to thee appear
Our mother, old and gray ?
The young wild trees that flourish here,
Her thronging children they ?
And seems her age deformity—
A withered, useless thing, to thee—
My gentle brother, say ?

JAMES.

Dear Edward, thou hast won—'tis o'er;
Ho! woodman, spare the sycamore!

WHAT IS FIGHTING FOR.

CHILD.

Father! I've seen the volunteers
Dressed out in red and blue;
And I should like to hear you tell,
What they intend to do!

FATHER.

These are our country's soldiers, child,
And they intend to go
To fight their country's battles,
Away in Mexico!

CHILD.

The country's battles! what are they?
And what is fighting for?
I thought that folks were shot and killed,
Whene'er they went to war!

FATHER.

Just so—my boy—these volunteers,
For glory and renown,
Will shoot and kill the Mexicans,
And knock their cities down!

CHILD.

What have they done—those Mexicans—
I should be glad to know?

I think I never heard before
Of serving people so!

FATHER.

Done! They're a weak and paltry race,
And all the papers say—
They owe our nation certain sums
Which they refuse to pay.

CHILD.

Well; Sammy Jones is owing me
A sixpence for a knife—
I'll go some night and burn him out,
And take the fellow's life!

FATHER.

What! take his life? What do you mean—
Hold in your wicked tongue,
You would be tried for murder, boy,
And on the gallows hung!

CHILD.

Then why not hang the volunteers?
Is it more wicked then,
To shoot and kill a single boy,
Than kill a thousand men?

PART THIRD.

POETRY.

THE LITTLE SPEAKER.

You'd scarce expect a boy like me
To get up here where all can see,
And make a speech as *well* as those
Who wear the largest kind of clothes.
I think it was in olden time,
That some one said in funny rhyme,
"Tall aches from little toe-corns grow,
Large *screams* from little children flow."
And if that rhymers told the truth,
Though I am now a *little* youth,
Perhaps I'll make as great a *noise*,
As some who are much larger boys,
I will not speak of Greece and Rome,
But tell you what I've learned at home,
And what was taught me when at school,
While sitting on a bench or stool ;
I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,
And don't you think that's pretty well
For such a *little* boy as I ?
But I must leave you—so good bye.

THE BUTCHERED PIG.

It was the stalwart butcherman,
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh ! it was the gentle pig -
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah ! it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those butcher-men
They trailed him all along ;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes.

" Oh father, father, list to me ;
The pig is deadly sick,
The men have hung him by the heels,
And fed him with a stick."

And thus he spoke in thrilling tone,—
Fast fell the tear drops big ;—
" Ah ! woe is me ! alas ! alas !
The pig ! the pig ! the pig !"

" Fie, Nathan," said the butcher man,
" Why dost thou weep and wail ?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's boy,
And thou shalt have his tail."

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Poor foolish boy, how pleased was I,
When news of Taylor's victories came,
Along the crowded streets to fly
And see the lighted windows flame.
To force me home my mother sought ;
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
"Rejoice ! rejoice !" still cried the crowd ;
My mother answered with her tears.
"O, why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy ?"
She kissed me, and in accents weak,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy ?" I said,
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid
But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death
My hardships since I will not tell,
I am not now a parent's joy ;
Alas ! alas ! I've learned too well,
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

I came up here my friends to greet ;
To make a speech I'll try ;
And if I fail with smiles to meet,
I'll wind up with—O, fy !

WHAT I LOVE TO SEE

I love to see the brave school-boy,
With satchel clean, and slate,
Come tripping nimbly into school—
Pray, do'nt it look "First-rate?"

I love to see his tidy dress,
With buttons shining clear;
And all the blacking on his shoes,
With none on hand or ear.

I love to see a scholar sit
Erect upon his seat,
And hold his book with careful hand,
And make no noise with feet.

I love to see a scholar's desk
From toys and playthings free,
And all his books in order placed;
That's the fine desk for me.

I love to see a neat, clean book,
With all the leaves in tight,
And every corner whole and square;
It shows its owner bright.

I love to see good lessons too,
From every girl and boy;
And here's the way to have them so;
On them your time employ.

THE HEART.

The heart—the heart ! oh ! let it be
A true and bounteous thing ;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.

Oh ! keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside ;
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.

The heart—the heart ! oh ! let it spare
A sigh for others' pain ;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.

And though it throb at gentlest touch,
Or sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than never ache at all.

The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own ;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

Friends, one and all, I've made my bow,
To please you I did try ;
But if I failed, forgive me now,
For I must leave—good bye.

SONG OF THE OWL.

I love not to fly in the glaring light,
Which this earth from the sun receives,
I'm a jolly old owl, that lives best in the night,
When the heavens are fair and the stars are bright,
And the moon-beam touches the tops of the trees,
And tinges their outward leaves.

When fairies and goblins their revels keep,
And the fields and the forest are free,
And earth and its millions are happy in sleep;
Save the weary that watch, and the wretched that weep,
And the wind that moans through the forest leaves,
And the waves of the distant sea.

I'm a jolly old owl, and I live all alone,
In a hole in a hollow oak tree,
With mistletoe, ivy and moss overgrown,
Where the winds never blew, and the sun never shone,
And I sleep in the hole through the long summer's day
For the moon-light's the light for me.

There is a gem more purely bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light
First cheers the evening sky;
A liquid pearl, that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude;
A richer gem than monarchs wear—
The tear of gratitude.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

Valedictories are in fashion now,
Therefore to-day I come, and make my bow,
To thank you, patrons, who so kind have been,
To list with patience to our simple scene.
We're pleased to see before us such a crowd
Of visitors, of whom we're very proud ;
And while we've tried to interest you all,
We know in knowledge we are very small ;
But we are all determined we will try,
To climb the hill of science very high ;
And now kind friends, just let me say to you,
Our exercises here are nearly through ;
And hoping that we have not wearied you,
We bid you all a kind—a warm adieu.
Teachers—our thanks to you let me express,
For all your care and unweariedness ;
And when we're parted, may you ne'er forget
This happy band whom you so oft have met.
Dear schoolmates—when to-morrow's rising sun
Another day his journey has begun,
And when the chiming bell strikes on our ear,
Think you we all shall be assembled here ?
Ah no ! vacation days have surely come—
To-morrow's sun will find us all at home.
And a soft voice is whispering—" Though we part,
Affection's wreath is twined around each heart ;"
And until memory's brightest sun has set,
These happy hours we will ne'er forget ;
And now, though bound as if by magic spell,
Teachers and schoolmates, we must say, *farewell*.

THE LIFE CLOCK

There is a little mystic clock,
 No human eye hath seen ;
 That beateth on, and beateth on,
 From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
 And heareth not a sound,
 It ticks, and ticks, the live-long night,
 And never runneth down.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
 By pride and wealth possessed ;
 But rich or poor, or high or low,
 Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
 All still and softly glides ;
 Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
 It warns of passing tides.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
 For deeds of hate and wrong,
 Though heeded not the fearful sound,
 The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
 And tender words are spoken,
 Then fast and wild it rattles on,
 As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
 Of flesh and spirit blended ;
 And thus 'twill run within the breast,
 Till this strange life is ended.

STRIVE ON.

Strive on—the ocean ne'er was crossed,
Repining on the shore ;
A nation's freedom ne'er was won
When sloth the banner bore.

Strive on—'tis cowardly to shrink
When dangers rise around ;
'Tis sweeter far, though linked with pain ;
To gain the vantage ground.

Bright names are on the roll of Fame,
Like stars they shine on high ;
They may be hid with brighter rays,
But never, never die !

And these were lighted 'mid the gloom
Of low obscurity ;
Struggling through years of pain and toil,
And joyless poverty.

But strive—this world's not all a waste,
A wilderness of care ;
Green spots are on the field of life,
And flowrets blooming fair.

Then strive—but oh, let virtue be
The guardian of your aim !
Let pure, unclouded love illumine
The path that leads to fame !

A LOST DAY.

Lost ! lost ! lost !

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost ! lost ! lost !

I feel all search is vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again ;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

The hours are fleeting and hasting away,
O, waste not a moment ; O, waste not a day.

THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE

O let the light spread far and wide,
Away o'er hill and vale;
O let it be our nation's pride;
The star of science hail!
No longer pent in lordly hall
Among the favored few;
The boon of God—'tis free to all,
As drops of Heavenly dew.

Ten thousand, thousand lamps of mind,
O'er wide creation spread,
Have long in darkness been confined,
Bedimmed by Error dread.
Then march we on with torch in hand,
And light them in a glow;
'Till science beam from ev'ry land,
A firmament below.

Then radiant with eternal truth,
The soul on earth shall shine,
And early learn in infant youth
The way to worlds divine.
Then, teachers, rouse with cheerful zeal,
And mould with skilful art;
Take Virtue's signet—God's own seal,
Impress the youthful heart.

The light of fair science, a beautiful star,
Leads onward and upward, to bright realms afar.

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN.

So now, little Robin, you've come to my door,
I wonder you never have ventur'd before.
'Tis like'y you thought I would do you some harm,
But pray, sir, what cause could there be for alarm?

You seem to be timid—I'd like to know why—
Did I ever hurt you? what makes you so shy?
You shrewd little rogue, I've a mind ere you go,
To tell you a thing it concerns you to know.

You think I have never discovered your nest;
'Tis hid pretty snugly, it must be confessed.
Ha! ha! how the boughs are entwined all around!
No wonder you thought it would never be found.

You're as cunning a robin as ever I knew;
And yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm as cunning as you!
I know all about your nice home on the tree—
'Twas nonsense to try to conceal it from me.

I know—for but yesterday I was your guest—
How many young robins there are in your nest;
And pardon me, sir, if I venture to say,
They've not had a morsel of dinner to-day.

But you look very sad, pretty robin, I see,
As you glance o'er the meadow, to yonder green tree
I fear I have thoughtlessly given you pain,
And I will not prattle so lightly again.

Go home, where your mate and your little ones dwell
Tho' I know where they are, yet I never will tell;
Nobody shall injure that leaf-covered nest,
For sacred to me is the place of your rest.

Adieu! for you want to be flying away,
And it would be cruel to ask you to stay;
But come in the morning, come early, and sing,
For dearly I love you, sweet warbler of spring.

WASHINGTON.

When General Washington was young,
About as large as I,
He never would permit his tongue
To tell a wilful lie.

Once, when he cut his father's tree
He owned it to his face,
And then his father ardently
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more,
For him to own the truth,
Than if his tree was bending o'er
With gold and silver fruit.

Then like this brave and noble boy
Whose virtues brightly shone,
If I my father's tree destroy,
The truth I'll surely own.

HYMN TO THE UNIVERSE

Roll on thou Sun. for ever roll,
Thou giant, rushing through the heaven,
Creation's wonder, Nature's soul :
Thy golden wheels by angels driven ;
The planets die without thy blaze,
And cherubim with star-dropped wing
Float in thy diamond sparkling rays,
Thou brightest emblem of their King !

Roll, lovely Earth ! and still roll on,
With ocean's azure beauty bound ;
While one sweet star, the pearly Moon,
Pursues thee through the blue profound ;
And angels with delighted eyes
Behold thy tints of mount and stream,
From the high walls of paradise ;
Swift-wheeling like a glorious dream.

Roll, planets ! on your dazzling road,
For ever sweeping round the sun ;
What eye beheld when first ye glowed ?
What eye shall see your courses done ?
Roll in your solemn majesty.
Ye deathless splendors of the skies !
High altars, from which angels see
The inchoate of creation rise.

Roll, Comets ! and ye million stars !
Ye that through boundless nature roam ;
Ye monarchs on your flame-winged cars ;
Tell us in what more glorious dome—

What orb to which your pomps are dim,
What kingdom but by angels trod—
Tell us, where swells the eternal hymn
Around His throne—where dwells your God!

RULES OF SCHOOL

I should come early ev'ry day,
And all my teacher's rules obey—
Be here before the school begins,
And silent when the signal rings.

My clothes and person should be neat,
I should not mar my desk nor seat—
My books I should not soil nor tear,
Nor aught about the room impair.

I should not whisper, talk, nor play
Nor idly while my time away—
But get my lessons well and fast
For soon my school-days will be past.

I should not quarrel, swear, nor lie,
Tell tales, deceive, nor angry be—
Nor do to others, things that I
Should hate to have them do to me.

Priceless gem! the pearl of TRUTH!
Brightest ornament of youth;
Seek to wear it in thy crown;
Then, if all the world should frown,
Thou hast won a glorious prize,
That will guide thee to the skies.

THE MANIAC.

I care not for your iron bands,
I care not for your chain ;
Though you have manacled my hands,
Yet I'll be free again.

Think you that chains and fetters, can
Bow down this soul of mine ?
You cannot chain the will of man !
I scorn these bands of thine.

Ha ! ha ! you'll sadly rue the day,
You chained me captive here ;
Go ! sleep you now, while yet you may
Rest undisturbed by fear !

For, e'er another dawn of day,
Ha ! mark me ! I'll be free ;
I swear it by the Great Most High !
And then revenge on thee !

Scoff not ! a crown is on my brow,
When I am free—and at my beck,
Many have grovelled *there*, ere now :—
Beware ! this foot may press *thy* neck.

Then shall ye stand within my hall,
Slaves ! captives ! bound with fetters strong,
E'en as I am, ye shall be all ;
And ye shall wear them thrice as long.

What, ho ! ye warriors ! cowards all !
Stand there, and view your King in chains !

Up, dastards ! at your monarch's call,
Remember, Pompeius reigns.

Bring engines ! batter down these walls,
Burst in these gates, and set me free ;
And if one of thy number falls—
Press on, and leave revenge for me.

Hah, ha ! ha, ha ! they come ! they come !
With dart, and javelin, and spear ;
The bravest, noblest knights of Rome,
Who laugh at death, and know no fear.

Ho ! onward legion ! charge ! right on—
Charge, right, and left, and centre gate :
Leave not of these proud walls a stone,
But bears the marks of Roman hate.

Down, tumbling, crushing, come the walls,
Hark ! hear ye not that fearful power ;
See yonder gate ! it trembles—falls ;
Up ! up ! ye slaves ! before me cower.

Ha, ha ! 'tis done ! the gates are down,
They come to take these fetters off ;
When I regain the regal crown,
Then may they learn that *I* can scoff.

I go ; but ah ! these fetters cling !
They have the pow'r they ever had ;
Yet am I not a mighty King ?
A King I am no King, but *mad* !

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And meekness is rising in torment and thrall,
By the hands of ingratitude wrung—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare
“I now can forgive and forget.”

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped ;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still,
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live ;
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken ! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art ;

Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy—crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt?
Yet mercy has seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget.

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too—
Count not the sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes, let a man when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper forgive and forget.

THE ARMIES.

Have ye seen the marshalled armies,
Threat'ning Heaven with dire alarms?
Gorgeous banners wave above them,
Flash like flame their gleaming arms!
Lo! their steeds the earth are trampling—
Hark! their brazen trumpets clang;
And the sulphurous clouds of battle,
Like a pall above them hang.

Shakes the ground beneath their onset—
Quakes the sky with answering dread;
And the iron waltz of battle
Whirls along with clashing tread;
Flash the flaming tongue of muskets—
Peals the cannon's angry roar—
And the shell's loud diapason
Swells the awful din of war!

Onward sweeps the warring tempest,
Iron drops of murderous rain,
Thunderous fall the bolts of battle,
Crimson rivers cross the plain;
Islands rise where fall the bravest,
Islands formed of steeds and men;
From the earth they sprang to being—
To the earth are trod again.

BEAUTIFUL.

How much there is that's beautiful
In this fair world of ours,
The verdure of the early spring,
The sweetly blooming flowers,
The brook that dances in the light,
The birds that carol free,
Are objects beautiful and bright
That every where we see.

There's beauty in the early morn,
When all is hushed and still;

And at the lovely sunset hour,
'Tis spread o'er vale and hill.
It lives within the gorgeous clouds
That float along the sky—
And oh, how purely beautiful
Our evening canopy.

It dwells in quiet stillness where
The glassy waters glide,
And wakes to awful grandeur 'neath
The cataract's foaming tide.
Tis throned in dark, stern majesty,
Where the tall mountain towers;
Oh, there is beauty every where
In this bright world of ours.

THE BLIND BOY.

The day was bright and beautiful,
The boys to play had gone,
Save one who sat beside the door,
Dejected and alone;
And as the tones of merry sport
Came faintly to his ear,
He sighed, and from his swelling lids
He brushed the falling tear.

His little heart was rent with pain—
He could not join the play;
He could not run about the fields,
Or by the brook-side stray;

The rolling hoop, the bounding ball,
The kite borne by the wind—
The acorn hunt was naught to him,
For he, alas ! was blind.

He could not see the setting sun,
And watch the glowing skies—
The beauty of the moon and stars
Fell not upon his eyes.
The rainbow, when it spanned the clouds,
Was lost upon his sight ;
And waving woods, and sparkling streams—
For ALL to him was NIGHT !

HUMAN LIFE.

Human life is like a river
Swiftly flowing to the main ;
And whatever passes onward
Comes not back to us again.

And the current, ever onward,
Wears to-day a look serene,
And to-morrow dashes madly
Where the hidden rocks are seen

But serene or madly dashing,
Flows it onward to the main ;
Not a drop of all its waters
Can come back to us again !

O! that truth so grand and solemn
Might awaken every soul
To the purpose of its being—
To the glory of its goal.

SONG OF THE FROGS.

[This should be spoken by a boy who can imitate the sound made by the frogs. This sound is as nearly represented as it can be by written words, in cur-oak and cur-oo. Cur-oak should be made with a heavy, bass voice, and cur-oo with a lighter. It would be well, when speaking it, if several boys would learn to imitate the frogs, and sit on, or near the stage, so as to join in the song at the close of the last verse.]

I had a dream, not all a dream,
Asleep! awake! it seemed to seem,
I stood beside a large mill-pond
Of which the frogs were very fond.
One aldermanic looking frog
Stepped up upon a little bog,
Apparently with pride he spoke,
And thus he said, "Cur-oak! cur-oak."

The little frogs the pond all through,
Replied "Cur-oo, cur-oo, cur-oo."
Ten thousand frogs then jumped along,
And soon were mingled in a throng.
It was their king upon the bog,
I thought an aldermanic frog;
His voice had called them from afar,
For council, not for bloody war.

They gathered quickly round his throne,
And then he spake in under tone ;
He said, at least he seemed to say,
"I'm glad you quickly do obey.
I have a guest, as you may see ;"
And then he pointed up to me.
All turned and most politely bowed ;
No *vulgar* frog was in the crowd.

With bloated form the king then said,
"I am of frogs the royal head ;
You know I am the greatest frog
That ever sat upon a bog,
I'm large of size ; I'm very tall,
You see I'm far above you all.
Look at my mighty form and see
If *greatness* doth not dwell in me."

With wond'ring eyes the throng all gazed,
Seeming astonished and amazed ;
And from among the gathered crowd
A little frog spoke thus, aloud ;
"Great king ! we know that thou art tall,
And we are little—very small.
Cur-oak, cur-oak is heard from you,
But we must always sing cur-oo."

"We know the earth for frogs was made,
That in the water they might wade ;
Or dive, or swim, or sit on bogs,
And sing the merry song of frogs."

"Yes," said the king, "you understand,
For us was made water and land,
And animals with hands and feet;
Some work for us and some we eat.

"For us my guest did build this pond
Of which we are so very fond;
And every frog that hears my voice,
Because of this doth now rejoice."
The little croaker then replied,
"Great king! I have here by my side,
Some fine fat insects from the east,
You and your guest shall have a feast."

"No! no!" replied the haughty king,
"I would not sit by such a thing;
Nor could he eat the dainty food,
Which only frogs know to be good.
He is of an *inferior* kind,
But listen to the royal mind;
He built this pond, both wide and long,
And for it he should have a song.

"I'll pitch the tune, and all must sing,
And we will make this valley ring."
The song began, "cur-oak, cur-oak;"
"Cur-oo, cur-oo," the echo spoke,
And then o'er fields and forests too,
Was heard the song "cur-oak, cur-oo;
Cur-oak, cur-oo, cur-oak, cur-oo,
Cur-oak, cur-oak, cur-oo, cur-oo."

THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

[Lightning is produced by electricity, and that portion of this article which speaks of the "iron thread reared upon its million piers," has reference to the *telegraph*.]

Away, away through the sightless air,
Stretch forth your iron thread,
For I would not dim my sandals fair,
With the dust ye tamely tread ;
Aye, rear it up on its million piers,
Let it reach the world around ;
And the journey ye make in a hundred years,
I'll clear at a single bound.

I am the spirit of light and love,
To my unseen hand 'tis given,
To pencil the ambient clouds above,
And polish the stars of heaven.
I scatter the golden rays of fire
On the horizon far below,
And deck the skies where storms expire,
With a red and dazzling glow.

My being is like a lovely thought
That dwells in a sinless breast ;
A tone of music that ne'er was caught,
A word that was ne'er expressed.
I burn in the bright and burnished halls,
Where the fountains of sunlight play,
Where the curtain of gold and opal falls
O'er the scene of the dying day.

OUR PRESIDENTS

First stands the lofty WASHINGTON,
That noble, great, immortal one.
The elder ADAMS next we see ;
And JEFFERSON comes number three.
Then MADISON is fourth, you know ;
The fifth one on the list MONROE :
The sixth an ADAMS comes again,
And JACKSON seventh in the train.
VAN BUREN eighth upon the line,
And HARRISON counts number nine.
The tenth is TYLER, in his turn,
And POLK eleventh, as we learn.
The twelfth is TAYLOR, people say :
The next we'll learn some future day.

THE BALLOON.

The airy ship at anchor rides ;
Proudly she heaves her painted sides,
Impatient of delay ;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
She floats upon her way.

How swift ! for now I see her sail
High mounted on the viewless gale,
And speeding up the sky ;
And now a speck in ether tost,
A moment seen, a moment lost,
She cheats my dazzled eye.

No curling mist at close of light,
No meteor on the breast of night,
No cloud at dreary dawn ;
No leaf adown the summer's tide
More effortless is seen to glide,
Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour
Shall summon from thy airy tour,
Rapid in prone descent ;
Methinks I see thee downward borne,
With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
Thy breath ethereal spent.

Thus daring fancy's plumes sublime,
Thus love's bright wings are clipped by time ;
Thus hope her soul elate
Exhales amid the grosser air ;
Thus lightest hearts are bowed by care,
And genius yields to fate.

GENTLE WORDS.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art.
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart ;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth !

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night ! How dark ! No light ! no fire !
Cold on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire !
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her *love—last year a bride !*

'Hark ! 'tis his footstep ! No ! 'tis past, 'tis gone !'
Tick—tick ! 'How wearily the time crawls on.
Why should he leave me thus ! He once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last. How mad ! How blind !

'Rest thee, my babe—rest on. 'Tis hunger's cry !
Sleep—for there is no food ! The fount is dry ;
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break !—And thou !'—The clock strikes one !

'Yet I'll curse him not. No, 'tis all in vain ;
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again !
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child—*his child !* Oh fiend !' The clock strikes two.

'Can he desert me thus ! He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear !
No, no. It cannot be. He will be here !

'Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart !
Thou'rt cold ! thou art freezing ! but we will not part.
Husband !—I die !—Father, it is not he !
Oh, God, protect my child.' The clock strikes three.

They're gone ! they're gone ! the glimmering spark hath fled !
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast :
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

SCIENCE.

Let Science spread her wings,
Triumphantly on high,
And teach the toneless strings
Of hearts that sink and sigh;
Let Truth's broad banner be unfurled
In every land—o'er all the world!

The gloom of Error's night
Has long oppressed our race,
And Superstition's blight
In every age we trace;
But glorious science lifts the veil—
Exalts the soul—forbids its wail!

Tyrants may frown in spite,
And mourn their waning power;
Their sun shall set in night—
Time, speed the happy hour!—
Proud Science shall unbounded run,
Extensive as the circling sun!

Let fathers, mothers—all,
Unite with cheerful heart,
In aiding great and small
To act the noble part;
And honor shall their labors crown—
Their sun in splendor shall go down!

A little snow is very white;
A little feather's very light;
I've made a *little* speech.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Life, though sweet, has disappointments,
That, like spirits of the night,
Follow us in our enjoyments,
Like the chills of winter's blight.

In the smiles of fortune sleeping,
Years unclouded fancy opes ;
But the morrow finds us weeping
Over disappointed hopes.

Round the heart for others beating,
Hope with flowery finger clings ;
But too oft it finds how fleeting
Are the hopes that friendship brings.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A star rose slowly from the horizon's verge,
Its course was steady and its rays serene ;
And thousands round it from the gloom emerged,
While mighty planets filled the space between.

The meteor's glare soon faded into night,
The comet viewed it with an envious gaze ;
As gathering lustre in its upward flight,
Thousands stood watching its unchanging blaze.

Onward, undimmed through trackless realms of air,
While rival lights grew pale as it passed by,
It gained a summit far above all there,
And fixed its empire in the upper sky,

Down shot its rays upon the great of Earth!
Admiring senates felt the genial fire,
A nation gloried that the star had birth,
And to its honor poets tuned the lyre.

Departed ADAMS! such a star wert thou!
No borrowed fire—no meteor glare was thine;
High thoughts were stamped upon thy noble brow,
And on thy heart the seal of truth divine.

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

I love the broad and mighty stream,
On rushing to the deep,
Sparkling beneath the sun's broad beam;
Proudly its waters sweep.

I love the little rills, that flow
From hill and mountain side,
Meandering through the vales below;
Soft murmuring as they glide.

I love the garden's choicest flowers;
The lily and the rose,
Nursed by the sunshine and the shower,
Their opening sweets disclose.

I love the little flowers that bloom
Deep in the "wild wood glen,"
Filling the air with sweet perfume,
Far from the haunts of men

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

On many a wide and swarming deck
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—
The fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New-England's rocky steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice
Still mightier than its own.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream.
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,
And Kansas' waters gleam;
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,
And *those* with flowers of spring;
It goes with Shakspeare's wondrous verse
And Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

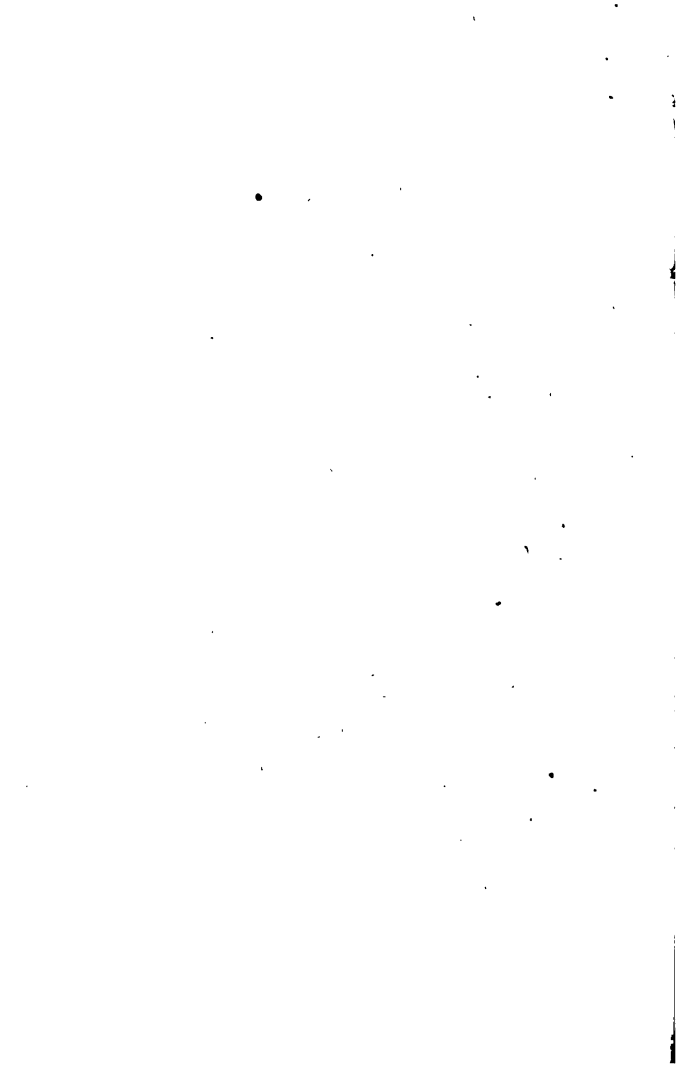
Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day;

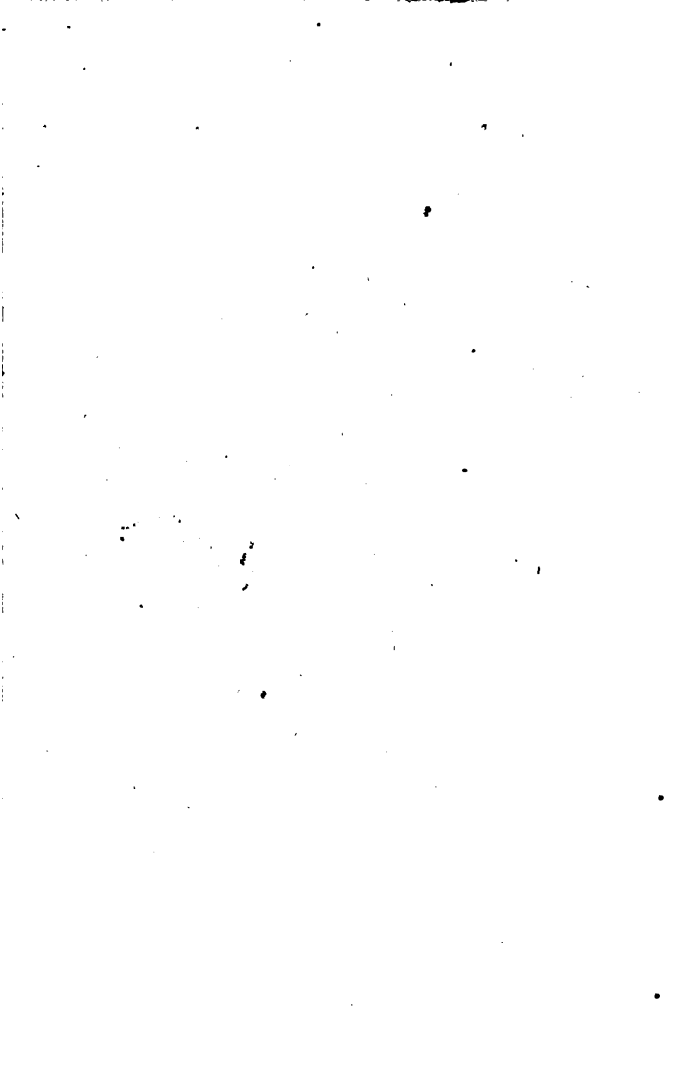
But grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn, which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace
With deadly pen or spoiling sword
Our noble tongue and race.
Go forth, prepared, in every clime,
To love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men prayed for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.







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
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